THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Conservative Reconstruction

THE fact is becoming more and more evident, with the passage of every week, that the only hope of saving this country from utter ruin and the Empire of which it is still the heart and core from dissolution is to be found in the Conservative Party. Their ancient rivals, the heirs of the Whigs, who once upon a time postured as the champions of individual liberty, have not merely long practically abandoned that article of their creed, but have also exactly reversed the second source of their inspiration which consisted in their desire to abolish privilege. For when they passed the Trades Disputes Act in 1906 they created privilege—privilege of a kind hitherto unknown to the law of England and incomparably more dangerous than any which had attached to territorial magnates.

Until that fatal moment all men, save only the solitary person of the Sovereign, were subject to the law and, therefore, amenable to it if they infringed the just rights of their fellows. A peer, or, for that matter, a prince, was liable, equally with the humblest citizen, to be arraigned by one whom he had wronged. But in the year of Liberal victory and of Conservative defeat the Liberal Party celebrated their triumph by the legislative destruction of their own essential principle. They placed trades unions above the law. They endued them with the prerogative of wronging others. They withdrew the right of those whom the trades unions injured or ruined to appeal to English justice for protection or for compensation.

From that time forth, Liberalism has entered on the path to death. It no longer stood for anything essential to the life of England. It had made itself the champion

of privilege far more detestable and far more pernicious than any against which, in its own past, it had so often thundered.

In this world of many confusions, Nemesis marches often on a halting foot. But that march, though it may be slow, is always sure. So we see now the retributive justice, typified by that word, falling upon the Liberal Party. The trades unions which it thus clad in armour of immunity have grown through that fostering care until to-day they hold already a larger share of political power than the Liberals themselves. Dragged always at the chariot wheels of triumphant Labour-Socialism, trying ever—and inevitably in vain—to outbid its lavish promises at the polls, the Liberal Party now occupies a position of ignominy unparalleled in our annals. Finally, in its latest manifestation, it has in a most literal sense eclipsed itself by placing actually in office the officials of the bodies to which it sold the pass eighteen years ago. Its party machinery, its organisation, may still be there, and its party chest is rumoured still to be clasped close to the loving heart of Mr. Lloyd George. But the vital spark is gone. It is a body without a soul. In the presence of this collapse of those who might have shared with them the task of defending civilisation against its would-be destroyers, clearly the Conservatives have to bear the whole burden and the whole honour of such defence. For whatever spasmodic action, such as that taken by Mr. Asquith in regard to the Poplar incident, may be extorted from the carcase of Liberalism by the sheer pressure of public upbraiding and public contempt, the truth is too obvious that the nation can put in it no trust. Further even than this, many Liberal members are said to be already contemplating secession to the ranks of the enemy, a purpose which, if fulfilled, would make them the political slaves of Continental Communists. For we cannot too clearly understand that the mild-seeming and gently spoken gentlemen who now hold the positions of Cabinet Ministers, or of subordinate members of the Government, though they may indeed each "roar like any sucking dove," are still bound to obey the behests alike of foreign (and largely German) revolutionaries and of the Socialist-driven trades unions whose delegates in fact they

are. Nothing, surely, could exceed the audacity of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in exhorting members of Parliament generally to exercise a wider individual freedom in voting upon matters submitted to their verdict. He must, it is to be presumed, have made a secret reservation in favour of his own followers, who are all the mere mouthpieces of the trade organisations which have chosen them and procured their return, and who would all be dismissed without mercy if they disobeyed their orders. The problem which Mr. MacDonald has to solve—if he can—is how to keep up the illusion of moderation until the time is come for the next dissolution. To dissolve now would be contrary to the wishes of nearly all members of the House of Commons. No one who has just been through the horrors of Hades desires to repeat the experience at once. But in the interim, before the moment arrives for dropping the mask, the pressure will be constant of the wild men outside upon both the wild men and the sober men within the House. That pressure is certain to increase with the growth of the disappointment of all those dupes of Socialist speeches who have been promised the moon and have not received it. Thus the real danger before Mr. MacDonald is that of being forced to take action leading to a premature appeal to the country.

When that appeal comes, what will be the result? Upon the answer to that question depends the future of England and of the British Empire. If the pretence of moderation has been maintained up to the moment when recourse is had to the polls; if numbers of ordinarily sane citizens are seduced by it to the incomparable folly of "voting Labour"; and if during all the intervening time the raging Socialist and Communist propaganda at the street corner has been left, as hitherto, practically uncountered and unchecked, then he who reckons chances coolly will deem it not only probable but obvious that Socialism will triumph and the doom of this country be sealed. Then indeed will come a day of bitter awakening. For if anything on this earth is certain, it is that the economic theory by which the great body of Socialists are obsessed—that theory which gives them their force and their driving power—is incompatible with the industry necessary to buy our people's bread.

To buy that food, we have to find ten million pounds a week, and we can continue to do that only through the sale overseas of our goods. Owing to strikes and owing to the rise in wages and in price of material, that sale is even now effected with greater and greater difficulty. For production costs more and is less—and hence unemployment. Now the experience of mankind throughout the world, terribly emphasised by recent experiment and driven home with a ghastly completeness in the case of Russia, is that a nationalised industry never, or hardly ever, pays. When the strong motive of personal advantage is withdrawn, when the sedulous care is abolished of the man who stands to profit by the success or to be ruined by the failure of his business, then human nature, still unregenerate, asserts itself with a crushing reality. Moreover, from Government control, owing to its very nature, two qualities, vitally necessary, are absent—namely, enterprise and initiative. Government officials are not at liberty to exercise either faculty, even if they possessed it; while, without both, no great commercial undertaking can long be remuneratively pursued.

When private owners of such undertakings find that they are making not a profit but a loss, they either abandon them (discharging their hands) or, if they postpone the decision too long, they become bankrupts. But when every great business is "nationalised" and is making the loss which bureaucratic control almost inevitably entails, what course is the State to follow? If it close down its works, it will make unemployment nation-wide. If it does not close them down, whence is to come the revenue required to pay wages, and whence the capital needed to renew machinery and make good defects? Not from taxation, for its yield will be enormously lessened, since all the great businesses will be in the hands of the State, and not from capital, since for the like reason there will be little left to seize. What prospect will then confront the masses of this country, save that terrible fate which the American statesman, Mr. Hoover, is said to have predicted, namely, death by starvation? The horrors, we will not say of the end itself, but of the gradual approach towards it, the riots, the lootings, the breaking down of law, transcend the power of the imagination to

picture or of the pen to describe. Yet these results are no bogus figures of fancy, but grimly logical deductions from known facts.

How comes it that, with a brief which such facts supply, the Conservatives are unable apparently to combat the steady growth of Socialism? The reason is not far to seek. It is because they have never really tried. While the Socialist Party has been rending the air of all the great towns of the country for nearly half a century past with strident outpouring of class hate and limitless promises of entry into Canaan, the Conservative Party has remained fast locked in placid slumber. There have been, indeed, occasional moments of partial awakening when, as now, everyone agrees that "something ought to be done," but what that something ought to be no one seems able to suggest.

Here, then, we venture to submit an actual scheme, based on one simple characteristic of human nature, which is that, if you expect the average man (or woman) to take a great deal of trouble through a long period of time, you must as a rule offer some reward. That reward may be tangible, or intangible. It may be cash, or it may be honour, or it may consist in the chance of gratifying ambition. The Socialist Party have fully grasped this salient point, and what *they have done is to create a ladder for ability*. Every Socialist tub-thumper who is a member of a trades union—and which of them is not—has the possibility clearly before him of climbing to the top of the tree. Let him but prove his ability as a speaker, and he is certain to rise. Never did the art of oratory offer greater advantages than to him. He may become the secretary of his union. Then he may, and he probably will, get run for Parliament and, if he enter it, for him at least the promised land is converted into smiling reality. After that, even as we see to-day, the path to the Cabinet lies, unbarred, before him. Why should he not be Prime Minister? At any rate, he has the chance.

Now let us look on the other side of the shield and ask what corresponding privilege is bestowed on the worker in the Conservative cause. We search in vain. For him, no door of opportunity is opened. For him, no ladder for ability exists. When the hour of crisis actually arrives,

when the party goes to the polls, then for that short period he is in request. But when the spasm is over and the polls are closed, no inducement is held out to him to continue his services. While on the Socialist side activity is persistent; while every week-end, in every populous centre, their speakers make their views heard by thousands of casual hearers, the Conservative local associations in effect go comfortably to bed. Now the real problem is how to alter a state of affairs pregnant with future ruin. It can be altered only by giving opportunity to ambition. Create for the Conservative, as for the Socialist speaker, the ladder which leads to the House of Commons. Let the chief task of every local Conservative agent and committee be to form groups of speakers, both men and women, whose task shall be to address week-end street corner meetings and to heckle and confute Socialist orators at their own gatherings. And let it be clearly and definitely understood that out of those who devote themselves gratuitously to such work the most effective shall be run as the party candidates for the borough, or district, or town councils, with payment of their expenses (if needed) out of the party funds. From that position, let the most energetic and successful be run for the county councils; and from these, again, let the best be made candidates for Parliament.

Are there difficulties in the way of the adoption of this scheme? Assuredly there are. But can the Conservative Party expect to fulfil their mission of saving England, the Empire, and civilisation from overthrow unless such difficulties can be overcome? To counteract Socialist activity, equal activity must be displayed, and the number of Conservative workers required for that purpose simply cannot be obtained without such inducement as the Socialists provide, and as it is here proposed that the Conservative Party should now supply. We have reason to hope that this scheme, which was long ago pressed vainly on the attention of the Unionist authorities, will not be treated now with the same contempt with which it was treated then. If it and other necessary measures of reconstruction should be disdained, the bitter harvest of party defeat and national ruin will be reaped at the next general election.

Current Comments

Our Empire Supplement

We present our readers this month with a new feature in this Review, namely, an Empire Supplement, which, we believe, will be welcomed by them, since its aim is to promote the movement towards the unification of the realms under the British Crown. We are happy to be able to include in this, its first issue, an article by Sir Henry McMahon, the Chairman of the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition. We entertain keen hope that we may be able by means of this Supplement to do something to advance ends which will be desired by all who share the ideals of The English Review. The aid already promised us by many of those best qualified to give it affords the best assurance of success.

More "Letters of an Englishman"

All who honour literary skill, fine scholarship, and the fearless expression of truth will congratulate us on having secured the promise of Mr. Charles Whibley to contribute (commencing with this month) a new series of his famous "Letters of an Englishman," which, in their book form, are already on the way towards becoming classic. Mr. Whibley wields a pen rarely matched in England at this time, and we are certain that we are gaining for our readers a privilege which they will greatly appreciate.

The Premier's Policy

The newspapers of the 13th of last month contained the Prime Minister's full presentment of Government policy to the House of Commons and to the country. His statement filled nearly seven columns of *The Times*, and, beyond general promises of an intended moderation, calculated to catch the Liberal Party, it contained just two points of illuminating information. Of these one was that he purposed to deal with unemployment by reviving trade, and the other that, as regards foreign affairs, he proposed to put his trust in the League of Nations. Exactly how trade was to be revived Mr. MacDonald did not reveal, an omission which we regret, as his ideas on that subject could hardly fail to be interesting. We think, however, that the Premier might, if he chose, reasonably offer the excuse that every

thoughtful person is already aware, in the first place of what is the only method, and in the second place of the circumstance that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is the last person in the world who is able to adopt it.

THAT method is to regain markets for British goods by lowering their cost, and to lower the cost by increasing production. Against that increase the policy of the trades unions constitute the one and only obstacle, and as the Prime Minister and his Cabinet are the offspring of those unions, their inability to save British industry by smashing their fallacies and overriding their folly is too obvious to require proof. As an illustration of the truth of these glaring facts, the housing problem, to which Mr. MacDonald devoted a great part of his lengthy exposition, may well suffice. That problem has arisen because, during the war, building was suspended and apprentices were not admitted into the building trades, while rents were artificially restricted by the State. In this way the private building speculator, who hitherto had provided houses for the nation without charge to the State, was knocked out of business, while since the war he has been kept out of it by the refusal of the builders' unions to allow their men to lay more than 350 bricks per diem, instead of a thousand, which would be about a fair day's work. When Sir Charles Yate interpolated the inquiry, "How many bricks a day?" (the most relevant point in the whole debate), Mr. MacDonald of course evaded answer. He could do nothing else. Yet mainly and principally in consequence of that infamous restriction, he is now driven to propose a scheme involving a burden on the taxpayer or the ratepayer of something like three million pounds per annum on one year's building operations.

How to Revive Trade

THE correctness, speaking roughly, of these figures is easily shown. For the suggestion is that 200,000 houses should be built annually at an average cost of £500 each, at an average rent of 9*s.* a week, which is to cover rates and taxes. These cannot be reckoned at less than one-third of the rental, so that the amount left to defray charges for capital would not be more, at the outside, than 6*s.*, or £15 12*s.* a year. But 200,000 houses at £500 mean an aggregate sum of just one hundred millions, on which the

Housing Economics

interest, including the cost of the sinking fund, could hardly be less than six millions per annum. (Probably, indeed, it would be much higher, since, as soon as the financial world understood that hundreds of millions were being thus thrown about, the price of money would certainly rise.) Against this annual outpouring of six millions —to be increased by a further six in another year, and so on—is to be set a little over three millions paid in rent. So that what it all comes to is that the builders' unions are to be subsidised to the extent of three millions a year in order that their members may continue to do only one-third of an honest day's labour. Thus if, in five years, a million houses were erected, the rest of the community would have to find fifteen million pounds annually to pay for this amusement. Yet if once the unions' ca' canny policy could be defeated, every house that was needed could and would be built without costing the State one farthing.

Something for Nothing

ANOTHER portion of Mr. MacDonald's speech was devoted to his recognition of Soviet Russia. We deal with that heavy blow to civilisation in our Pillory, and we will only say here that the idea of improving our trade by paying the Moscow ruffians to buy our goods with our money (which is what extending credits to them means) is preposterous enough for a maniac's dream. Once, at Leicester, a Communist orator informed the shoemakers that a hundred millions of Russians would order boots from England, if only our Government would recognise the Soviet Ministry. A deputation of deeply impressed men waited on the employers to urge this brilliant idea. The employers replied that they feared that Russia would require a very long credit, but that if the men would agree to wait for their wages for supplying the Russian need until the Russians paid the bill, then they would be most happy to do all in their power to facilitate the transaction. Strange to say, no more was heard of the matter.

Welsh Local Option

THE Labour Party has had a lucky escape from an awkward splitting of its ranks by the talking out of this Bill without a division. Officially the party was understood to be virtually as much pledged to Local Option as are the Liberals,

but, pledge or no pledge, many of the Labour members have received the plainest intimation from more of their constituents than they would dare to defy that workingmen will not accept recognition of Russia or a problematical Capital Levy as consolations for Prohibition. Despite all the lies and protestations of the intemperate fanatics, the simple fact that Local Option, Local Veto and Universal Prohibition are intended to be merely short stages of one and the same thing is slowly penetrating the minds of the working classes. The sole reason why the Prohibitionists begin with what they describe as a "democratic" measure of Local Option is that they know they would fail if they demanded complete Prohibition all at once. It is, however, impossible for them to disprove that Prohibition is their definite goal. That so many of them deny this merely proves them to be shamelessly dishonest. The Rev. Henry Carter is one of the most active members of the so-called "Temperance Council of the Christian Churches," a self-elected body as to the constitution and objects of which the members of those Churches have never been consulted. Speaking at Newton Abbot on May 30th, 1922, Mr. Carter coolly announced that "the Churches would accept the burden of temperance reform as a solemn responsibility," and that "it would lead to Prohibition in this country, as in America, in this generation."

Our columns are open to Mr. Carter, who is a persistent and ingenious wriggler, to deny this statement if he can. Mr. Leif Jones, M.P., president of the leading temperance organisation, was equally outspoken when he said that "Prohibition would come through Local Option."

During the late election, Thanet Local Optionists indignantly repudiated the suggestion that a bare majority would be sufficient to coerce a district. Yet in the first Bill introduced into the new Parliament a majority of only 51 per cent. was proposed.

Mr. Lloyd George and Local Option

It would be a wearisome and unedifying task to tabulate the inconsistencies, tergiversations and "terminological inexactitudes" of that conscienceless opportunist, Mr. Lloyd George, but in view of his pledge to Local Option in the recent election manifesto, signed jointly by Mr. Asquith and himself, it is interesting to disinter a few of his former pronouncements on the subject.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Replying to a deputation of Calvinistic ministers on October 22nd, 1920, Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, said:—

"If the people of England want facilities for drinking we have no right to impose upon them our standards—none."

"Rightly or wrongly, a property has been conferred in England and Wales in respect of licences. You cannot go behind that, because if you do, you may depend upon it, especially in the present atmosphere, there are people who will quote that as a precedent for other properties."

In the debate on February 15th last on the Local Option Bill for Wales, Mr. Lloyd George was singing the praises of Prohibition in America, and, "while not presuming to dictate to the people of England," strenuously supporting the Welsh Bill, which, according to his previously quoted statements, proposed the double iniquity of interfering with the liberty of the subject and suppressing the trade without compensation. After this there is no difficulty in imagining Mr. Lloyd George as leading a raging Socialist campaign for the Capital Levy and Nationalisation of Industries.

The Prophet of Poplar

An illuminating commentary upon the soothing assurances of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is provided by Mr. Edgar Lansbury in the *Workers' Weekly*.

"Poplar is very nearly an All-Red Borough. There are only two or three reactionary members on the Board of Guardians and the Borough Council. All the rest are Labour, Socialist, or Communist. In local affairs these three terms amount in practice to the same thing. *We*, the workers' representatives, hold all power in Poplar. Soon the workers' representatives will hold all power in England. In that day England will be Poplarised. Of course, we mean to Poplarise the House of Commons and then the British Empire. The workers themselves will smash the wages system altogether. They will take hold of their own land and shape it to their desires. The Labour Government will get the confidence of the workers only so far as they make an effort to do the major things in their programme." Mr. Lansbury further stated,

in a speech on February 10th, that "Mr. Wheatley's decision had not altered the practice in Poplar, and no decision would alter the practice in Poplar." The Mayor, Mr. C. W. Key, followed by advising the working classes in other districts to out-Poplar Poplar.

It is an alluring picture, and time will show that it more accurately represents the intentions of those sections of the Socialist movement which provide its real driving power than the idealistic and cloudy generalisations of Mr. MacDonald. These may serve their purpose in doping that considerable section of the electorate whose inability to think clearly is the greatest danger of the nation, but if ever Socialism should attain to real power, the *Idylls* of Lossiemouth would quickly give place to the *Inferno* of Poplar.

One Man One Room

Mr. George Lansbury appears to have condensed much of his doctrine into the pregnant sentence: "No one should have two houses while some people cannot even get rooms to live in."

Excellent! But let us immerse this saying, like a Japanese artificial water-flower, in the cold well of truth and see what it will develop into.

He who, by dint of a little more brains and thrift than his fellows, has saved the wherewithal to build himself a country cottage where he may renew his strength for the arduous business of earning an income out of which to pay rates and taxes is (according to Mr. Lansbury) a selfish person, and should, nay, must, give it up to the State for the benefit of those who lack his ability and self-restraint. Indeed, as he does not really need more than one room in which to live, he ought, we may presume, to place the spare accommodation in his remaining house at the disposal of the less fortunate (or more lazy).

And about clothes now, and food; everyone should follow the example which Mr. Lansbury no doubt sets, giving away all his garments but one suit, and abstaining from all but the necessary minimum of food. No beer for the "working" man—why should there be when some have not enough to eat?

Mr. Lansbury would no doubt bring compulsion to bear on all those who are unwilling to put these principles into practice by taxing them until they have no money

to do otherwise than as he proposes, and then, of course, all would be well.

But—would it?

Kipling and the Exhibition

With that inimitable and intuitive appropriateness of phrase which is one of his special gifts, Mr. Kipling has consented to name certain important points in the British Empire Exhibition. Amongst the appellations which he has bestowed we read of "The Great Circle," recalling England's "girdle round the globe," of "Drake's Way," and "Anson's Way," reminiscent of the pioneer splendours of the British Navy and of the dawn and the advance towards maturity of the sea-power which opened to our race the ocean paths of the world. "The Fairway of the Five Nations," the title given to the lake, is another reminder of the paramount part played by maritime achievement in uprearing the fabric of the Empire of the British people, while the need of welding that Empire into an indissoluble whole is brought to mind by his term for the bridges spanning that miniature sea—"Unity Bridge East" and "Unity Bridge West."

The Spirit of the Past

Englishmen, and all others conscious that in their veins flows British blood, may well feel gratitude in that, in the midst of all the chaos of our time, one great genius and poet still lives on the earth who is fired with whatever was noblest in the spirit of the past, and who is able, by virtue of that inspiration, to pass on something of that spirit into the future through the swiftly moving present.

Socialist Demand for Capital

The need of capital could not be better proven than by the terms of the resolution presented to the Scottish Independent Labour Party. It "calls upon the Government to put in hand, by means of grants and loans, such extensive works of public utility as housing construction and reconstruction of roads, bridges, and schools, development of canals and railway transport, afforestation and the development of waste lands, and the development of electric energy through the erection of super power stations, etc." Here is a gorgeous programme

indeed, demanding capital to an amount approximating to the expenditure of perhaps a year of war. All the gigantic outlay involved is to be defrayed by "grants and loans"—in other words, by that very abomination which is to be partially abolished by means of the Capital Levy. Indeed, a trifling provision of a thousand million pounds has already been mentioned in this connection as a necessary preliminary. We may imagine the eagerness with which investors would respond to the appeal of the Socialist Government to lend their money to finance undertakings from which no profit will be either possible or permissible. "Hey, Dicky, Dicky, come and be killed," should head the presentation of this glorious opportunity to the investing public.

It is amazing that any considerable body of British citizens should be found capable of endorsing such transparent absurdities. If the suggested enterprises offered a fair chance of a fair return, they could and would be carried out by private capitalists. Failing that prospect, any attempt to carry them out through the bureaucratic servants of the State can result only, even if the requisite capital could be obtained, in ruinous national loss.

The Recognition of Russia

The idea that the recognition of the Soviet Government is going to result in trade on a large scale with Russia dies a hard death. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has boldly predicted substantial results within a few months. Yet, during the opening debate in the House of Commons, several members made it quite plain, speaking from their knowledge of Russian business—that trade will only result when and if credit is established. But there is another point which is quite overlooked by our Socialist Ministers. The Soviet tyranny does not, and never did, represent the Russian people. In a letter to the *New York Herald* the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia has just pointed out that the economical situation has absolutely nothing to do with the real reasons for recognition, which are hidden from the eyes of the public. The Grand Duke concluded his letter by warning us that Russia will never forget those acts of treachery against the Christian faith, because the Soviets are servants of the black, evil forces which suck the blood and kill the souls of the people who remain

true to God and Christ. This point is emphasised by an appeal which appeared in the *Matin* at the same time from Russian emigrants. These refugees number two millions, and are deprived by the worst of tyrannies of all means of expressing their opinions in Russia, but they condemned the recognition of the Soviets as an act of hostility to the Russian nation calculated only to retard the day of its resurrection. There was never any question of Pitt's shaking hands with Robespierre, but from the lips of our Socialists a far more bloodthirsty monster in the person of Lenin has been lauded as one of the world's great men.

The Irish Free State

A SUMMARY of the greater outrages in the Free State during the last three months reveals that of actual murders by armed gangs four took place in November, eight in December, and one in January. Thirty-two cases of robbery under arms are reported in November, twenty-four in December, and eleven in January. Over and above these crimes there are numerous cases of incendiarism (including the burning of churches) and the maiming of cattle. On one night nine cases were reported in Dublin alone of robbery under arms. In fact, the possessor of a revolver still remains a law to himself. The position of the loyalists under existing conditions can be better imagined than described. There is but a remnant left, and they just live from day to day, only too conscious that covetous eyes are being cast at their homes and property by those who are expectantly awaiting the moment when it will be possible to grasp all from the "Saxon foreigner." Meanwhile an energetic propaganda is prosecuted in the complaisant British Press. The Free State Government will earn our respect when, and not before, it has stamped out such crimes as we have enumerated above, and justified the much-advertised premium on its loan by balancing its Budget.

Lord Birkenhead, Ireland and Lord Carson

OF that strange quartette, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Winston Churchill, the latter, after his defeat at Leicester, issued a letter which made clear his desire to rejoin the Conservative Party. Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, although temporarily estranged, have already been

readmitted, and Mr. Lloyd George is still presumably speculating upon the comparative possibilities offered to his adaptable talents by the Conservative, the Liberal, and the Socialist parties. Lord Birkenhead in a recent article upon Lord Carson, in which he wisely acknowledged that Irishman's single-minded devotion to a patriotic ideal, seized the opportunity of attempting to palliate, not only his own offence in respect of the Irish Treaty, but that of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill. By way of cementing the present sham alliance between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith, Lord Birkenhead, writing of the Home Rule Bill which followed the election of 1910, stated that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill "were against it from the start, but were overborne by a majority of the Cabinet, which proceeded on its dangerous and guilty course. . . . Mr. Asquith and his friends, by a campaign almost obscene in its class hatred, set themselves to destroy the House of Lords in order to give the Home Rule Bill the only chance it could ever have of becoming law. They avoided the unpopular; they embraced the popular campaign."

Conscience Pricks?

WRITING of the same Home Rule Bill, Lord Birkenhead's comments on the Asquith-Lloyd George Government are singularly applicable to the present situation. "The Government knew that their proposals were not only morally indefensible but were incapable of fulfilment. They only adhered to them because this adherence was the necessary price of an artificial majority." (For "Government" read Liberal Party.) Lord Birkenhead concluded his article with a significant admission of the possibility that Lord Carson's implacable opposition to the Treaty may have been right. "I myself neither misunderstood nor resented the attitude which Lord Carson felt himself called upon to take in the House of Lords. Being what he was he could take no other. . . . Decisions for which I was largely responsible, but which I knew and know to be disputable, had produced a revival of the old mediæval antagonism. I thought then, and I think now, that Lord Carson was wrong. But I have read Irish history too closely to be quite certain that he was entirely wrong." When any contemporary can be found who will

pay such a high tribute to the character of Lord Birkenhead as he himself has paid to Lord Carson we may accept his interpretation of the "mediæval antagonism." Until then we shall continue to regard it as a chivalrous fight for right by Lord Carson against the hideous wrong perpetrated by Lord Birkenhead and his accomplices.

Before they are received into the complete confidence of sincere Unionists a fuller recantation than that which is here tentatively hinted at by Lord Birkenhead will be expected of them.

Taxation Without Representation

When Mr. Edgar Lansbury, in the Poplar Council, announced his intention of heading a deputation to the new Minister of Health, his exulting expectations, expressed in a "now-we-shan't-belong" strain, that they would get all they wanted now that a Socialist Government was in office, and that any obstructionist permanent officials "would soon be put in their proper places" have been rather surprisingly verified. Surprisingly, since, in the choice between satisfying their Socialist supporters and presenting to the country at large an appearance of reasonable moderation until such time as the Government strategists consider it advisable to show their hands, we should have expected greater restraint. They were, indeed, quickly forced to realise that the effect of Mr. Wheatley's surrender to the Poplar spendthrifts may be serious. It was therefore promptly followed by a totally unconvincing attempt to explain it away in an official statement (endorsed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in the House), which explained little but Ministerial anxiety as to consequences.

Municipal politics throughout the country are very closely interwoven with national politics, and there could be no more certain means of closing the ranks against the depredations of Socialism than to alarm the ratepayer by visions of Poplar finance and rates of 23s. or more in the pound.

This incident shows how futile are all the prognostications as to the life of the Government, and how absurd is the position in which the Liberals have placed themselves. It will inevitably have a more immediate effect upon the electorate than recognition of Russia or the many other

questions which the average voter regards as very remotely affecting himself. It was obviously impossible for the Liberals meekly to support the Government and throw over Sir Alfred Mond, whose rulings, when he was Minister of Health, Mr. Wheatley has defied. The Liberal leaders are indeed in so desperate a position that they might be ready to perpetrate any iniquity, but, as we wrote last month, we are reliably informed that a considerable section of the Liberal Party is likely to seize the first opportunity of proving that they are neither so devoid of principle nor of sense as their leaders.

Happy Poplar

The London Municipal Society has opportunely issued a statement from which it appears that, in the year ending March 31st last, Poplar spent in outdoor relief £597,000, or £183,500 more than the ninepenny rate allowed under the Act. Poplar ratepayers contributed only £121,000, two-thirds of which was raised from outside bodies such as railways, docks, and gas companies without votes. Actual resident ratepayers contributed only £40,000. £400,000, therefore, was distributed in Poplar as outdoor relief, and spent in the local shops, public-houses and places of amusement, which came from ratepayers outside Poplar. Pending the advent, therefore, of the sublimated civic morality predicted by Lord Haldane as the result of real democratic government in practice, there would not appear to be much cause for anxiety on the part of the resident voting ratepayers, so many of whom directly or indirectly benefit from this shower of gold to which their own contributions are so inconsiderable. The voteless docks, gas companies, railways, etc., have, of course, no voice in the matter.

Iniquitous as is their disfranchisement, much worse is that of the unfortunate ratepayers in the rest of London who have to provide the £400,000 excess expenditure squandered by the Poplar spendthrifts. The Equalisation of Rates Act, under which Poplar is permitted to rob the remainder of London, was a purely Socialistic measure, weakly swallowed by the Coalition, designed to lay the richer and honestly administered boroughs under tribute to the more "proletarian" districts. It should never have been passed. The inevitable results were clearly foreseen and are here immediately realised.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Mr. Smillie and the Kingdom of Heaven

Mr. Robert Smillie, M.P., has discovered that the workers cannot be expected to produce the money required for his visionary schemes of betterment because they are "already ground down by taxation. It would have to be secured from where it actually was."

It is true that the working-classes are very highly taxed on their beer, but if that were abolished, and as long as the excessive consumption of beer is not compulsory, it is hard to see how they are "ground down." Some rhetorical licence must perhaps be allowed to such a determined advocate of the Capital Levy. Mr. Smillie advances two convincing reasons in its favour which no doubt entirely satisfied his audience. One is that he wants it, and the other that "it would really be doing a good turn to the rich by making it a bit easier for them to get into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is difficult to avoid the inference that Mr. Smillie is not content to wait for the Kingdom of Heaven, but wants something substantial on account here below.

Communist Blasphemy for the Young

"Danger ahead" is the appropriate title of a much-needed booklet, issued by the British Empire Union (price 6d.). It contains a study of Socialist and Proletarian Sunday Schools which ought to be read by everyone who desires to preserve England from the Communistic horrors which have withered the national existence of Russia and deprived many millions of its inhabitants of life. The fact that like forces striving to bring about like effects now threaten this country is beginning to dawn on the consciousness of many who have hitherto bemused themselves with the comfortable assurance that the common sense of the British working man would for ever preserve him from the effects of a perpetual and all-pervasive propaganda, carried on for nearly fifty years past. That was to expect too much. This pamphlet shows that the Socialist vultures have now fixed their talons on the young, and have founded Sunday schools in large numbers for the express purpose of poisoning their minds. The fruit of their teaching is already visible in the gangs of young roughs who break up political meetings. It could not be better epitomised than by quoting the blas-

phemous words of a "proletarian hymn" which was sung in the streets of London by sixty Communist children :—

> They have got the money,
> And we can't get a bob :
> They tell us to love our Jesus Christ,
> But there ain't no bleedin' God.

To print this is horrible to us, but it is more horrible that such hideousness should be unknown, unnoticed, and unchecked. If our readers are unwilling to acquiesce in the continuance of this iniquity, let them send contributions to "The British Empire Union," 10, Agar Street, London, W.C., which is doing its utmost to fight the evil.

The Era of Strikes

Public anxiety as to the dock strike was naturally concentrated upon the immediate issue rather than upon the even graver considerations which arise from the constant menace to the community of recurring strikes on a scale capable of paralysing all our vital services. We emerged from a railway strike only to be plunged into the yet greater danger of a dock strike, while a possible strike of miners looms in the near future. It is only necessary to imagine the occurrence of all three at the same moment, an object for which powerful influences are ceaselessly striving, in order to realise that the nation must either effectively protect itself from such a peril, or face a real catastrophe.

The Cinema on its Defence

Our readers will have observed that we seldom publish an attack without giving equal publicity to the defence, if such be forthcoming from a reputable source. It is, indeed, our purpose in many cases merely to provide a platform on which questions of public interest may be debated. Such a case is that of the artistic status of cinematography, which was vigorously attacked by Mr. Bertram Clayton and defended by one of its most accomplished interpreters, Miss Betty Balfour. Next month we shall publish a further article, by Mr. Alder Anderson, on "The Cinema and its Detractors," which gives as good reason for according to the Cinema the respect due to a great art with a great future as we remember to have read. Mr. Anderson writes with cultivated knowledge of dramatic art and literature which renders his defence of the screen very interesting.

The Principles of Liquor Control

By Dr. Arthur Shadwell, LL.D., F.R.C.P.

THE trade in alcoholic drinks is the subject of ceaseless controversy, agitation and attempted legislation. Even in the present anxious state of affairs, when matters of the highest national importance are constantly occupying attention, the last Parliament was worried into passing one Act and the new Parliament is threatened with several Bills. This is nothing new; it has been going on continuously for 100 years, and before that laws were passed at intervals for several centuries dealing with the subject. I know of no question, except finance, which has so often engaged the attention of the legislature. And, of course, so much political activity implies a background of incessant agitation outside Parliament. Yet no attempt has been made to establish any principles, by which I mean generalisations from experience, as a guide to effective action or a criterion of proposed measures. Principles derived from dispassionate study have been laid down for dealing with other social problems—pauperism, education, crime and punishment, gambling and betting, and many others. But it never seems to occur to anyone that there may be such principles in the case of intemperance or that they are worth looking for. In 1896 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors. It was a tremendous affair. There were 26 members, all supposed to have special knowledge; they sat for over two years, asked nearly 100,000 questions of 259 witnesses, and published ten huge blue-books of evidence and reports; but from beginning to end there was not the slightest suggestion of the possible existence of guiding principles, and not the slightest indication of any desire to formulate them. The inquiry was one of the most imposing ever held, but lost in detail, unconvincing and sterile.

Studies by direct observation have been carried out by particular investigators; but these have always been directed to foreign systems, such as the Scandinavian plan, the very varied American State experiments, and, more recently, Federal prohibition, and they have resulted

only in approval or condemnation of the system in question, not in any generalisations. Experience, again, is often appealed to, but only to support a foregone conclusion; and consequently the evidence cited is always selected, partial, and one-sided. But for the most part no study at all is attempted. Opinions are freely formed—everybody has one—not only without study but without the slightest notion that any is desirable or needed, or that anything can be learnt from it. People think they know all about it, when they know only their own tiny little bit of experience. For the rest, opinion is based on fancy, prejudice, interest, or the stereotyped views set forth by newspapers as ignorant as their readers. Hence an incessant hubbub of controversy, the obstinate persistence and repetition of popular fallacies, and the enactment of laws which fail to produce the intended effects, and produce either none at all or undesirable ones. There is a Society for the Study of Inebriety, but that is concerned with the medical side of the question, not with the trade.

Many of the current fallacies depend on a comparison between present conditions and a wholly imaginary past, to the disadvantage of the former. Perhaps the most popular of all, and the great stand-by of journalists who have nothing else to say, is the belief that intemperance is due to modern adulteration and poisoning by bad liquor. It is the beloved fallacy of the "good old days"—which never existed. Give people honest malt and hops, we are told, as in the good old days, and there will be no trouble. The fact is that deleterious adulteration was, indeed, once regularly practised and carried to great lengths, but has long since ceased; the "substitutes" now used in brewing are harmless or wholesome. One piece of evidence about the old practice must suffice. In 1790 a pamphlet was published by a brewer named Samuel Child, under the heading, "Every man his own brewer." This work, of which I possess a copy, was intended to instruct amateurs in the technicalities of the art. The following is the list of ingredients for brewing porter:—Malt, hops, treacle, liquorice, *essentia bina* (moist sugar boiled black), colour (moist sugar less boiled), cocculus indicus, capsicum, Spanish liquorice, salt of tartar, heading (alum and copperas), ginger, slaked lime, linseed, cinnamon. He

expected readers to be surprised by the list of articles, but observed that:—

> however much they may surprise, however pernicious or disagreeable they may appear, the author has always found them requisite in the brewing of porter, and thinks they must invariably be used by those who wish to continue the taste, flavour and appearance, which they have been accustomed to.

Another current delusion about the past is that public-houses used to be inns or places of refreshment for travellers, and that the mere drink-shop is a modern innovation. In 1757 Dr. Maitland's survey of London, which then had a population of 726,000, revealed 654 inns and taverns to 14,634 alehouses and brandy-shops; and so far back as records go in the Middle Ages we find public-houses frequented entirely for drinking, as they are now. So, too, with the practice of women frequenting public-houses and drinking, which is persistently represented as a novel and increasing evil. Two lines from the doggerel poem of John Skelton, Henry the Eighth's poet laureate, describing a London alehouse in the sixteenth century kept by a notorious "ale-wife" and the women who flocked to it in swarms, are sufficient to dispose of both delusions:

> Their thirst was so great they never asked for meat,
> But drink, still drink, and let the cat wink.

In 1834 a census taken of 14 public-houses for a week in London resulted in a return of 269,437 customers, of whom 108,593 were women and 18,391 children.

The beliefs just mentioned are samples of error due to ignorance of the history of the subject. Space will not allow me to go fully into them and give the evidence in refutation at length; but I can assure the reader that it exists in convincing abundance. Nor can I do more than name some of the fallacies of a different kind which depend on lack of study by observation. Such is the belief that people frequent the public-house and drink because of its exterior appearance or its interior arrangement. A very little study from life suffices to dispose of this notion, which, indeed, involves its own refutation because both exteriors and interiors completely differ in different localities. Where a gaudy exterior prevails, the theory is that gaudiness attracts; where dinginess and obscurity are the rule, these are supposed to do so. Similarly, where the

fashion is to have small compartments, they are held responsible; elsewhere long, open bars play the same part. The notion that people drink intoxicants because the publican forces them on his customers and refuses to supply other things is still more common and equally fallacious. Another popular delusion is that people are more sober in some Continental countries because they have open-air cafés and beer-gardens, and that our people would be equally sober if we only had them, too. Then there is the entirely inconsistent numerical theory, according to which sobriety varies with the number of drinking places. Other objects of error are sundry trifling practices, such as the " long pull," to which absurdly disproportionate importance is attached. On the other hand, there are persons who talk of " the liberty of the subject," and maintain that if the trade were freed from all restrictions, as in the South of Europe, the inhabitants of these islands would be as sober as those who live on the Mediterranean coast. The " liberty of the subject " is a fine phrase, affected by persons who have no notion of its meaning, but who think it sounds well. Its use in this connection is a hall-mark of ignorance.

If anyone is disposed to deny that current notions are mostly erroneous and based on fancy, prejudice, or ignorance, not on knowledge, I would point to the history of legislation. It is strewn with failures inspired by current fallacies. Our own record in itself furnishes sufficient proof. Laws have been passed because a clamour has been raised, but they have never been based on any well-founded principle, and it has been a matter of chance whether they would succeed or not. Sometimes they have, but more by good luck than good management. The numerous failures are attested by the return to the problem at frequent intervals for fresh experiments or to undo the mischief caused by some previous blunder. But American legislation is still more instructive. Its history presents a complete museum of experiments, the failure of which is proclaimed by their variety and by incessant change backwards and forwards from one to another. Before the adoption of Federal prohibition every State had its own laws, and these included not only many diverse systems, but also innumerable variations of procedure in applying

the same system; for instance, in the constitution of the licensing authority, where there was licensing, and in the method of deciding the issue where there was local option.

But the ceaseless chopping and changing was even more remarkable than the variety, particularly in regard to local option, the working of which was marked by constant oscillation. Some places alternated between having and not having public houses almost regularly every two or three years and even yearly. How anyone can advocate this system after studying the American experience passes my comprehension; I can only suppose that those who do have not studied it or have seen only what they wanted to see. Lord Salvesen has dealt fully in THE ENGLISH REVIEW with the working of the Scottish Act of 1913; it is precisely what was to be expected. In America the system has now been given up for general and permanent prohibition, reversing the past action of several States, which once tried general prohibition and gave it up for the local variety. Perhaps local option is advocated here as a stepping-stone to prohibition after the American model; it would be wiser to wait a little and see the fate of the Volstead Act. People who are always urging imitation of some American example do not perceive the real educational value of the United States. The great lesson that country has to teach the rest of the world is what to avoid. They know it well in Canada, and some day it will be generally recognised.

But enough of the critical and negative side of the question; it is time to pass on to the positive and indicate principles of control or generalisations drawn from dispassionate study of the facts, both historical and actual, in regard to the trade in alcoholic liquors. I will put them in the form of a series of propositions, with as much evidence as a very limited space will permit me to adduce.

1. Control of the trade is necessary in countries in which intemperate habits prevail. I will call them intemperate countries in contrast with others where the inhabitants are sober and no control is needed. This distinction is a matter of common observation and recognised by every intelligent traveller. The difference is due to several causes, of which climate is the most

important. The conditions that conduce to excess are cold, dampness and darkness; warmth and sunlight make for sobriety. In Europe the peoples dwelling along the Baltic, the North Sea and the North Atlantic are given to excess; those along the Mediterranean are sober. It is not that the latter do not drink; they may in the aggregate consume more than the others, because all drink a little, which is a source of fallacy in conclusions drawn from statistics of national consumption. The effect of climate is seen within the same country. Where there is a considerable difference between north and south, as in Great Britain, France and Germany, the tendency to excess is more marked in the northern than in the southern areas. It is always associated with the consumption of spirits, which is fostered by damp cold. But race also exercises an influence; so, too, occupation, and the aggregation of people in towns. The main point, however, that I wish to emphasize is the need of control where there is a tendency to excess. The theory of free trade in drink is flatly contradicted by all experience. Control has been forced on the countries that have it by the intolerable evils caused by excess. It has not been adopted for the sake of morality, but is demanded by public order, public health and the protection of helpless persons from violence. During the war additional control was demanded by public safety and national efficiency. For the evidence, which is irresistible, I would refer the reader to my book "Drink in 1914-1922."

2. Control being found necessary, moderate measures, which are approved by general consent and can be fairly well enforced, are more efficacious in reducing and combating excess than too drastic ones, which arouse a considerable body of opposition and are evaded or defied on a large scale. This is a most important truth, entirely in keeping with the whole theory of Government and repeatedly proved by experience, yet obstinately ignored by advocates of drastic measures, which aim at suppressing not only excess but all drinking. It is quite impossible to suppress natural appetites by force, and attempts to do so where they can be easily gratified are doomed to certain failure. That is the case with alcoholic liquors in populous modern communities, which are precisely the places where excess prevails and control is needed.

The production of alcohol is too easy and too cheap to be susceptible of suppression, and the effect of prohibiting it by law is not to stop it but to make it illegal instead of legal, which has several concomitant disadvantages. The liquors sold are of inferior quality and more deleterious, and the trade in them is under no control at all, while law is brought into contempt by general disregard. All this has been repeatedly demonstrated and it is being demonstrated once more to-day on a large scale in the United States, where the attempt to enforce the law without common consent has already given great trouble and will give far more before it is virtually abandoned under cover of some elusive formula. Here, where the people have always exhibited a unique combination of respect for authority with resistance to oppression and the maintenance of liberty, and where the practice of passing laws without any intention of observing them—the only way to preserve liberty in America—is unknown; here the the proposal is regarded as a joke. Let it be seriously made, and we shall see such a popular revolt as has never been witnessed in this country.

3. Of all the moderate measures of control the most efficacious is limitation of the hours of sale. No Act has ever produced such an immediate effect as the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839, which closed the public-houses in London from midnight on Saturday till midday on Sunday. The apprehensions for drunkenness per 1,000 fell from 12.178 in 1839 to 7.919 in 1840. In 1848 this regulation was extended to the country and made general by an Act which began by mentioning the good effect produced in London. I have a letter, written in 1896, from an old magistrate who had had personal experience of the remarkable change effected by this closing measure. The Act of 1874 fixed the general hours of closing as they remained up to the war, and evidence of the beneficial effect was given by several witnesses before a House of Lords Committee in 1876. The conclusions suggested by these and other experiences were confirmed with extraordinary emphasis during and since the war. The evidence, which is too long to repeat here, is given in full in the book already mentioned. Curtailment of the hours of sale, particularly at night, was always followed by reduced consumption and drunkenness; lengthening of

the hours produced the opposite effects. The facts should be studied by everyone who wishes to master the subject.

4. The powerful influence that can be exercised by taxation through its effect on the price of drink is another lesson taught by past experience and demonstrated in an unprecedented way during and since the war. It is the obverse of the well-established fact that consumption and drunkenness always vary with the state of trade, rising in prosperous periods and falling in depressions. For several years before the war both consumption and drunkenness were rising steadily with the wave of prosperity then prevailing. During the war increased taxation and higher prices played a distinct part in the great reduction of both which then took place, but it is since the war that the largest increase of taxation has been imposed, and its effect most clearly shown. The conditions determining the present comparatively low level of consumption and drunkenness are bad trade and unemployment, high taxation and prices, in addition to the curtailment of hours.

5. There is a broad movement towards sobriety in this country, due mainly to social and intellectual changes, among which I would mention increased means of recreation, games and athletics, cheap literature and a rising standard of social conduct. But the progress of this movement is slow and gradual and subject to oscillations. It does not prevent the lapses into insobriety due to prosperity, as the pre-war period, which followed the rule, clearly demonstrates; and to attribute the present level of sobriety to it is to misread the situation. Improved trade, fuller employment, higher wages, lowered prices or lengthened hours would be immediately followed by rising consumption and increased drunkenness. The movement, however, goes on and reveals itself in the changing behaviour of successive generations. It is accompanied by a corresponding tendency to change the character of public-houses. Both movements may be encouraged but they cannot be forced.

6. Finally, there are limits to successful application of the powerful measures of control enumerated. If those limits are exceeded re-action is caused and more harm than good follows.

[*A reply by Lord Astor to the articles by Lord Salvesen and Dr. Shadwell will appear next month.*]

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Abolishing Work

"Funny what that professor chap said in the paper," remarked Heddle, as he swabbed down the bar counter.

"Sure, they're funny birds—profissors," replied Sergeant Murphy. "Which particular profissor was it?"

"I can't remember his name, but he says that they'll shortly be able to run the world with an atom."

"An atom of what?"

"An atom of nothing. Just an atom," asserted Heddle. "They're all experimenting with it, and any moment they'll discover how to handle it and one country will be able to blow another skyhigh in a second."

"Won't that be a grand war," said the Sergeant, "provided we get in the first blow? Up Guards and atom."

"That's not the lot," continued the landlord seriously. "He says that the atom will do all the work, run all the factories, heat the houses and what not. Nobody'll have to work more than one hour a day and——"

"I know," said the Sergeant wearily. "We're always on the verge of discoverin' somethin' that'll abolish work. Wanst it was to be watherpower, thin electhricity, thin radium in bulk, thin the rays of the sun concenthrated in a hand-mirror, thin I dinna what—but all the same eight-fifteen still sees me tearin' down the road every mornin' with me breakfast wedged crossways in me interior, and a prayer on me lips that some shunter hasn't taken offince at the features of wan of the directhors and called out the whole railway system till the necessary altherations have been made.

"That reminds me, Heddle. Have you heard about Poplar as a home for emigrants? You haven't?

"Well, talk about Canada and Austhralia and the wan hundhred and sixty acres of fertile land now undher threes, and within five days' reach of a railway, and the happy home that ye can build for yourself—forget thim. Poplar—the Land of Plenty and To Spare—beats them all.

"The emigration agents are boostin' the place. From all points of the compass countless hordes of hopeful min

are convergin' on it, with their wives and families standin' by with their thrunks packed, awaitin' the tellygram that says 'Come.' Finns, Slovaks, Poles, Chinks, and others of God's creatures, as they call thimselves, are campin' on the doorsteps of British Consulates takin' out naturalisation papers for Poplar. The applicants for every vacant flat, floor, apartment or roof in Poplar would, walkin' four abreast, take twinty minutes to pass a given spot—unless it was a fried fish shop. The population of Poplar per square foot will be——"

"Go on," said Heddle. "What's it all about?"

"Here it is, Heddle. Ye'll remember how poor relief was sarved out to the unimployed in Poplar be the Board of Guardians, as they were called in jest, for what they were guardin' God knows! Certainly not the ratepayers.

"The said Guardians were all min of ginerous impulses with outsizes in hearts, and they made the Good Samaritan look like a broker's man. 'Hivens!' says they, as applications for poor relief came before thim, 'here's a case of John Posskoff. We've never seen him before, but we can tell be his name that he's worthy of thrust. Be thrade he's a linoleum pavior earnin' three pound a week whin he works. But if we give him that amount now he'll be no betther off than he was before, which would be a disgrace to Poplar. Besides, doin' nothin', he's a lot of exthra time on his hands and he'll want more money to spind. Make his little lot four pounds. And Johnson, he's a biscuit-riveter. Find out what his wages ought to be if he worked, and give him a twinty per cent. peace bonus and wan for his nob. The same with Higgins. Let no man go away dissatisfied. We're here to spind the ratepayer's money and, be Hivens, we'll do it!'

"Of course, some narrow-minded chaps objected and the Governmint auditor wanted to surcharge the Board of Archangels responsible. But the other day the new Labour Ministher in charge gave the movement his blessin' and Poplar blazed with tar-barrels that night.

"Atoms won't abolish work, Heddle. Not likely. But if the Poplar Board of Guardians become a model for the other Boards, work as a livelihood will be aiquil in popularity to casthor oil in a Communist convintion in Italy."

The Bishop's Ring

By Rolf Bennett

"PURE, solid gold that ring is, and it belonged to a bishop. I loaned him ten dollars on it and then he disappeared. He was one of the queerest fellers I ever met. Looking at him, and likewise listening to his remarks, you'd never have took him for a bishop. No, you might have took him for all sorts of things, but not a bishop. Anyway, not what you'd think a bishop ought to be. Well, this is his ring, and I loaned him ten dollars on it."

The man with the gold earrings held out a gnarled and knotted hand, on the little finger of which rested a ponderous ring of what might—or might not—have been gold. He was obviously a seafarer, with a bronzed, weather-beaten face and eyes so blue and trustful that one suspected them of concealing the deepest guile. While he was exhibiting the ring I glanced at my other companions on the park bench. One, who looked like a store clerk, was obviously sceptical, and the other, a slim man with a pointed black moustache and a cap pulled well over his eyes, appeared supremely uninterested.

"I'd like to keep it," went on the seafaring man thoughtfully, "because of Bill. Me and him was mates on a barque called the *North Star*, bound from New Orleans to the River Plate. Nobody guessed he was a bishop, of course, and I only got to know of it by accident through his telling me. So I was the only one who knew.

"It was a queer story. There's a lot to be learnt out of it if you look at it the right way. If Bill hadn't been born with an affliction he'd never have been a bishop. And this was the way of it.

"Bill's affliction was thirst. It was incurable, so the doctors said, and, from what I seen of Bill, I should say they were right. He was the thirstiest man I ever met. Water wasn't no good, and he'd given up trying it long

ago. Coffee and soft drinks only made it worse. Rum suited it best, but most anything in that line helped to ease his sufferings.

"Now one day, so Bill told me, he was ashore at Callao sampling the native poisons to find out which suited his complaint best. He'd come round from New York in a wind-jammer, and his thirst was that bad he didn't believe there was enough drink in Callao to quench it. Well, he'd just settled down to find out when a pleasant stranger comes in and sits down close to him.

"After he'd watched Bill for a while he leans over and touches him on the arm.

"'Do you think you could manage another?' he asks.

"'Manage another!' says Bill. 'Why, I ain't started to drink yet. I'm just sampling to find out what suits me. I have to be very careful,' says he, 'because I've got a weak constitution.'

"'Weak!' cries the stranger. 'Well, mine's reckoned to be fairly strong, but—say, have you tried rum-hot with ginger?'

"'No,' says Bill, 'no, I ain't never tried that. It sounds like it might suit me. I wish I didn't have to be so mighty careful. Some folks can drink anything, even water. And I envy them, I do. You sure want to have a strong constitution to drink water.'

"'That's so,' says the stranger. 'I never touch it myself. Them new laws they got in the States have done me a power of harm. Well, we'll try the rum-hot and ginger.'

"They did, and found it very agreeable, not to say comforting. By the time they'd had four or five Bill and the stranger were as thick as thieves. Presently the stranger says to Bill, 'Do you know who I am?'

"'No,' answers Bill, 'nor I don't give a darn. But you're a man after my own heart,' he says, 'and here's long life and prosperity to you.'

"Thanks,' says the stranger. 'Suppose we have another.'

"Bill was willing, so their glasses were filled and they drank each other's health.

"'What would you say,' asks the stranger, 'if I told you I was the Devil?'

"'I never quarrel with the man who's putting up the drinks,' says Bill.

"'Oh, very well,' answers the stranger, a bit rattled, 'only I *am* the Devil.'

"'Are you now?' says Bill. 'Well, old son, you're not as black as you're painted, so here's luck to you. Let's have another rum-hot and ginger.'

"'Thanks,' says the stranger, 'I don't mind if I do. It was mighty decent of you to say that about me, and I'm real grateful. So few folks have a good word to say for me that when I do happen against anyone that has, I—it——,' and he was that overcome he almost choked, and Bill had to slap him on the back.

"'You'd be surprised,' he says when he'd got his breath back, 'at the shabby way I'm treated. Everyone thinks he has a right to cheat me and get away with it. It's reckoned a fine thing to do. Yes, sir, many a man owes his success to me, but when it comes to settling up he's a quitter.'

"'Shameful,' says Bill. 'Folks like that ain't got no principles at all. I'm real sorry for you.'

"'Thank you,' says the Devil, for it was himself sure enough, as Bill found out later. 'You're an honest man,' says he, 'and I'd like to do you a good turn.'

"'I'll have another rum-hot and ginger,' says Bill. 'It suits my constitution better'n anything I've tried yet.'

"So the Devil called for two more rums-hot and ginger and they drank each other's health again. And by that time they were both what you might call three sheets in the wind, and calling each other by their Christian names.

"'I've met many worse than you, Nick,' says Bill. 'I allow you got some real good points.'

"'I believe you, Bill,' says the Devil. 'But you know what it is,' he says, 'give a dog a bad name and hang him. But I taken a fancy to you, and if there's anything you'd like——'

"'I'll have another rum-hot and ginger,' says Bill.

"So they each had another rum-hot and ginger and the Devil kept on asking Bill if there wasn't nothing he could do for him.

"'Well,' says Bill, 'I've wanted all my life to be a bishop. I don't know why, but I've always had that

hankering. I once started to save money so's I could go to college and qualify, but this unfortunate disease I got costs so much that I couldn't never save up enough.'

"'So you want to be a bishop, do you?' says the Devil. 'Well, you might do worse than that. I know several, and mighty pleasant fellers they are. Yes, I got a lot of friends among the clergy. Have another rum-hot and ginger,' says he.

"Well, now, just what happened after that, Bill told me he couldn't never remember. All he knew was that he suddenly found himself lying in a big bed with two nurses on one side and two parsons on the other and a doctor standing hard by.

"'The crisis is over,' says the doctor, looking hard at Bill. 'The bishop will recover.'

"Right there the parsons stopped praying and the nurses got busy clearing things away, and the doctor started feeling Bill's pulses. But the queer thing about it all was that Bill didn't feel in nowise surprised. He said it seemed just natural and ornery like he'd been used to it all his life.

"So Bill became a bishop and acted according, just as if he'd never been anything else. And he made good, he did, and could have married a rich wife if he'd felt that way inclined, which he didn't. But after a whiles he got tired sort of, and would start to think of the happy days at sea when he'd worked fourteen hours out of the twenty-four and slept in a wet bed as often as a dry one.

"Well, he was feeling that way one evening and sitting in the back parlour, when there comes a ring at the bell. As the hired gel had gone, Bill goes to the door himself and opens it. And there stood a pleasant stranger with a face that seemed kind of familiar to Bill, though he couldn't just place it.

"'You don't remember me, I guess,' says the stranger.

"'You got the advantage, I allow,' says Bill. 'Yet I sort of feel I seen your face before.'

"'Remember Callao?' says the stranger.

"'Gol-darn me!' cries Bill, forgetting he was a bishop, 'I'll say I do. Come right in,' he says, '*and* welcome.'

"'Well, you're a queer guy,' says the Devil when he

was seated in the back parlour. 'I didn't expect no such welcome,' he says.

"'Why not?' asks Bill. 'You done me a good turn, and I ain't too proud to admit it. But my, that was a rough night at Callao, sure enough. I must have been properly loaded.'

"'I'll say you were, up to the hatches and running over,' laughs the Devil. 'I never seen a man carry as much before nor since.'

"Well, they sat there laughing and talking over old times, and presently the Devil asks Bill how the new job suits him.

"'Fine,' says Bill, 'though I allow there's times when I sort of pine for a ship's deck and the smell of the sea. But, sakes alive!' says he, 'I been that busy yarning I've clear forgot about refreshments. What will you take?'

"'Rum-hot and ginger,' says the Devil, with a wink at Bill.

"So Bill unlocks a cupboard and fetches out a bottle of rum and some ginger. Then he gets hot water and glasses and mixes a couple of stiff ones.

"'That's good stuff,' says the Devil when he'd emptied his glass. 'That's quality, that is. And it wasn't bottled yesterday, neither.'

"'Bet your life,' says Bill. 'What about another?'

"So they had another, and several more on top of that. But the more he drank, the more sad and melancholy Bill got, thinking of the sea and the jolly life he'd left behind.

"'See here, now, you want a vacation, Bill,' says the Devil. 'What's to stop you going away for a while and shipping before the mast?'

"'Bully for you!' shouts Bill. 'I never thought of that. I'll do it to-morrow. The old *North Star* is in New York docks and I could get a berth on her right away.'

"And Bill did, and that's how I come to meet him—aboard the *North Star*," said the seafaring man. "He told me all about how he came to be a bishop and why he was serving before the mast. But he soon got tired of it, and at the first port we touched he skipped. But first he borrowed ten dollars off'n me and left this ring. I guess he's back being a bishop now and has forgot all about them ten dollars."

He paused and slowly removed the "bishop's" ring from his finger.

"Have a look at it," he invited, holding it out for inspection. "Worth ten dollars any day of the seven, ain't it?"

For the first time, the man with the black moustache appeared to awaken from his reverie. Drawing a wallet from his pocket, he extracted ten one-dollar bills.

"Take these," he said, proffering them to the seafaring man.

The latter took them, and, drawing back a little, stared at him.

"But—but you ain't Bill!" he faltered.

"No," said the man with the black moustache grimly, "no, I'm not Bill, but—*I'm Bill's friend.*"

Uttering a hoarse yell, the seafaring man dropped the ring, and the last we saw of him was a vanishing cloud of dust.

"You've been stung," declared the store clerk as he stooped to pick up the fallen ring. "It's brass, of course, and worth a few——"

He was going to say "cents," but stopped abruptly.

"By Jim Hill!" he exclaimed softly, "it's genuine—it's gold."

"Yes," agreed the man with the black moustache, taking the ring from him, "it's gold all right."

He rose and, slipping the ring on one of his fingers, slowly walked away.

"Gee!" ejaculated the store clerk, "was he——"

Our eyes met and were held by the same burning question.

The Letters of an Englishman

What is Greatness?

By Charles Whibley

A WELL-KNOWN writer, with a restless desire to call attention to himself, hastened to inform Moscow, after the death of the tyrant, that "Lenin was the greatest European statesman that ever lived." The opinion is worthless, and would stand in need of no confutation, did not men of simple minds take the writer who expressed it at his own valuation, and were there not already many among our Socialists who appear to believe that indiscriminate massacre is the first and last duty of the politician.

In what, then, does great statesmanship consist? It is not the statesman's business to illustrate a false, chimerical system of politics. It is not his business to invent inflammatory catchwords, such as "the dictatorship of the proletariat": catchwords which bring upon the world greater misery and wider devastation than the invasion of hostile armies. He has no concern with class hatred. These are the projects of the criminal and the megalomaniac. Of true statesmanship the sole end and aim are to ensure that the country, upon which it smiles, is happy and prosperous at home, respected abroad. Statesmanship is a practical craft whose success can be measured only by the beneficent results which it achieves, by the encouragement which it gives to the arts of life, by its enabling the people to enjoy the comfort and the leisure, which peace alone can confer upon it. The wise words which Swift put into the mouth of the King of Brobdingnag define the statesman's duties with eloquence and precision: "He confined the knowledge of governing," said Gulliver, "within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of

grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

To this plain and difficult standard Lenin, "the greatest European statesman that ever lived," had no desire to attain. If an ear of corn grew beneath his eyes, he had but one impulse—to pull it up. His mere presence was a blight upon industry and intelligence. He deprived his countrymen, viciously, of happiness and prosperity. So little was Russia respected abroad during his reign that no civilised country would recognise her political existence, and the overtures that are made to her to-day are made too late, when the curse of Bolshevism is being exorcised, and when at last an awakening from the nightmare of bloodshed and starvation seems possible. The common sense and reason, which Swift advocated, were laughed to scorn by Lenin and his mercenaries. Justice had no place in the proletarian republic, and lenity was a word of empty sound in the ears of the Jews, Letts, and Chinamen who did his bidding. That any cause, civil or criminal, should have a speedy determination was, in the opinion of "the greatest statesman that ever lived," mere matter for laughter, unless he were removing the "bourgeoisie" from his path, and then the end was speedy enough, for his victims were killed or tortured, without trial or respite.

The brain of Lenin was as narrow as his cruelty was intense. He had no faculty of thought or reflection. His philosophy, if the jargon that he wrote and talked may be dignified by so august a name, was merely a rehash of the facile, superficial heresies of Marx, a miscreant who knew better than most the poison that might lurk in words. With a kind of ferocity he made war on learning, science, and the arts. He would, if he could, have torn out human intelligence by the roots. It was his fixed creed that nothing save the proletariat should survive the vengeance, of which he gave the signal. He besmirched with blood and squalor everything which gave lustre to his country, and which made life something better than a fight for bread. A grim enemy of all that is comely and of good report, he fed fat, during his exile in Switzerland, all the grudges

that he thought he bore against Russia and the Russians, until his mind was packed with the malice and envy which inspired him at last to the destruction of all those who refused to bow the knee to his tyranny.

In the name of freedom, he established such a dictatorship as the world has never known. Having grasped the power of government, he was resolute that it should be shared with him by none. The idol of those who had always cried aloud for "liberty," he made them understand at once that they should obey his orders or perish in misery. Restored to Russia by the Germans, who saw clearly that he would destroy his country's power of resistance, as a blight withers the crops, and having abased his compatriots before the enemy, he set to work to make an end of their industry and their wealth. Nothing should remain in Russia but his own evil will. He waged a savage war upon all those who did not accept his domination, and wiped out, ruthlessly and without pity, all classes of the community who did not work with their hands. He made the rich poor and did not enrich the poor by a single halfpenny. The doctors fell before the same edict, which sent scholars and writers to their doom; and if Lenin turned Russia into a desert, he saw to it that it should not be called peace.

He was, before all things, of the breed of Robespierre —a homicidal pedant. If he was a pedant who believed that the whole world was worth destroying to establish a constitution of his own devising, he was a hyæna in his lust for blood. He put to death and to torture more men for the mere reason that they did not agree with him than any man that ever lived. Perhaps that is why the intellectual Socialists of England bow down before his memory in solemn worship. One critic of politics has gone so far as to say that he was the cause, direct or indirect, of 30,000,000 deaths. An over-statement, no doubt, and yet it is evident that in the killing of men and women he has outdone the record of all previous monsters. How poor a murderer does Robespierre appear, or Le Bon, when their exploits are measured with his! They, too, were inspired by the doctrine of the Marquis de Sade, but Lenin has outdone them and all the others in the useless, extravagant shedding of blood.

Nor was he content that blood should flow only in his own Russia. When he had achieved his work there he was eager to send his murderous emissaries wherever in Europe they might gain admission. What Bela Kun did in Hungary was done, as all men know, at the orders of the arch-monster of the Kremlin, and it is a satisfaction to think that the scoundrels who attempted to repeat in Buda-Pesth the brutalities of Moscow were hanged one and all, quietly and with despatch, save only Bela Kun himself. And lest Europe should enjoy a monopoly of torture, Lenin did his best to give Asia a share of the bitter sufferings which he had inflicted upon his own compatriots. He followed the unspeakable Brissot in holding that property was theft, and told his dupes that they had a right to correct the inequality of fortune by stealing. And doubtless he would have accepted also, for his hungry supporters at any rate, Brissot's other opinion, that cannibalism is natural and justifiable. Under the reign of Nature, said Brissot, the sheep does not spare the insects on the grass; the wolf and the man eat the sheep; why, then, have not all these creatures a natural right to eat creatures of their own kind? Why not, indeed? Here is a creed after Lenin's own heart, and if the poor fools who owned him for master had not refrained from eating their own kind, Lenin, in the comfort and security of the Kremlin, would assuredly have had no word to say in their dispraise.

The only instrument of politics which he knew how to use was Terror. This instrument, which he adopted from Robespierre and the French Revolution, he may be said to have perfected. No other ever applied it as ruthlessly and as suddenly as did Lenin. The mere threat of a rising against his authority was followed by wholesale murders and ingenious tortures. He increased the pain of imprisonment by every artifice of discomfort and filth ever discovered by human ingenuity. And it is not surprising, when his pitiless will is remembered, that he put the whole of Russia for a time under his heel. Beyond Terror there is nothing in his recorded career of statesmanship. If all the Russians had had one head he would have cut it off, and survived cheerfully the last of his race in the gloomy splendour of Moscow.

Justice was done him at the last—not full justice, that was impossible, but such a measure of justice as is seldom meted out to the criminal. He died paralysed and cut off from his kind—the mere relic of a man. He could neither speak nor write. The orders of ferocity, which once it was his pleasure to give, were no longer possible for him. The resources of the Terror failed him, and he who could never win the affection of mankind was powerless to strike fear into its heart. He has left nothing behind him but the black memory of his crimes and the hatred which he inspired in the hearts of those whom he outraged and maltreated. And he seems to the gentleman who likes to call attention to himself " the greatest European statesman that ever lived " !

It would not matter what this gentleman said of Lenin or of anybody else did he not, as I have said, exert a certain influence upon the rebel and the feeble-minded. And his words are the more dangerous, because the adulation of a man like Lenin might, in a revolutionary age such as ours, throw upon this country a pale reflection of Lenin's terror. He has already inspired an act of open worship in those circles which have profited by the gift of his stolen and bloodstained treasure. One Member of Parliament who, it is said, expected a seat in the Cabinet, has sung aloud and in public the praises of " the glorious Russian revolution." So that the words spoken by the evilly-disposed in praise of Lenin might easily fall upon fertile soil. But when the vain writer already cited tells us that he " does not doubt for a moment that the time will come when here in London, in our Trafalgar Square, we shall erect a statue to Lenin," he is merely pouring out a full jug of flattery upon the rebels of Moscow. We have not yet set up a monument in honour of Robespierre, Lenin's mild and inexpert forerunner. Indeed, hitherto it has not been our custom to glorify men of alien birth in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere. Even in Russia itself, soon to rise again in another shape from its ashes, the name of Lenin will presently be execrated and his monuments defaced. For when madmen regain their senses they perforce admit that murder, on a vast scale, is no proof of grandeur, that it is not wise to set the crown of statesmanship upon the ensanguined head of Jack the Ripper.

"Govern a country," said a Chinese philosopher, "as you would cook a small fish: don't overdo it." And the partisans of Lenin, if they were not bent upon calling attention to themselves, might admit that for an act of government the desolation wrought upon Russia by this one advocate of Terror was a trifle overdone.

The Farewell to Nature

By Benvenuta Solomon

SING no more of the stars and the glorious sun,
No more of the running waters, the hills and trees,
Of the earth and sky no more, O Muse!—though these
Are beautiful still to behold, their tale is done.
Another theme is for thee, more marvellous, one
To flame on thy lips in tumultuous ecstasies,
Delicate discords and heart-piercing harmonies,
Sung by the Fates since the human web was begun.

Sing, sing only the wonderful ways of man:
His splendour, his madness, his deeds of folly and fame;
And his dreams that are more than himself, the dreams
of a god,
For naught that has been or will be is beyond their span.
Thy songs shall be his, for are not our hearts the same?—
I know the summits he knows, his depths have I trod.

The Ethnology of Palestine

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Raglan

In Sir James Frazer's *Folk-lore in the Old Testament* we read: "It is the opinion of competent judges that the modern Fellaheen, or Arabic-speaking peasants of Palestine, are descendants of the pagan tribes which dwelt there before the Israelite invasion, and have clung to the soil ever since, being submerged but never destroyed by each successive wave of conquest which has swept over the land."

I propose briefly to give my reasons for thinking that these judges have given their judgment against the weight of the evidence.

Let us begin with the Old Testament. In Joshua viii. 30 we read that Joshua, after taking Ai, built an altar in Mount Ebal. Now Mount Ebal is twenty miles north of Ai, and overlooks the city of Shechem, always one of the most important in Palestine. In chapter xii. we are given a list of the defeated kings. The sites of their cities have nearly all been identified by Dr. Adam Smith, and none of them is in the area between Bethel and Jezreel, which includes the whole of Mount Ephraim. To account for the fact that the Israelites thus occupied the heart of the country without opposition, it has been conjectured that it was already inhabited by people of the Hebrew race.

In Judges i. there is a long list of places from which the Canaanites, etc., were not driven out. With the exception of Jerusalem, Gezer, subsequently destroyed by the Egyptians (1 Kings ix. 16) and Phœnicia, which never formed part of Palestine, these places were either in Galilee, where the situation was probably altered after the defeat of Sisera, or in the coastal plain. This plain was conquered by the Philistines, who, whether Cretans or Pelasgians, were certainly foreigners, probably about the time of Joshua. For centuries they appear as the sole inhabitants, and recent finds suggest that their settlements extended to the Sea of Galilee.

In 1 Kings ix. 20 we read: "All the people which were left of the Amorites, Hittites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites . . . . upon those did Solomon levy a tribute of bondservice unto this day." This appears, with one exception which I shall refer to later, to be the last mention of any of these tribes. If they had continued to exist for long in any numbers, either as helots or in separate communities, it is almost inconceivable that their presence could remain so completely ignored. The probability, which the stories of Ruth and Bathsheba convert almost to a certainty, is that they were gradually absorbed by the Israelites.

To believe that the Jebusites remained in Jerusalem when the Israelites were carried into captivity we must suppose that the conquerors instituted an enquiry into the pedigree and religious persuasion of each of their captives.

In 2 Kings xvii. 24 we read that "the king of Assyria brought men from Babylon [and elsewhere] . . . . and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel," and we are told that these settlers, or Samaritans as they came to be called, regarded the God of Israel as the "God of the land." From this we may infer that they regarded the Israelites as aborigines, which they would not have done had the Canaanites still existed.

We now come to the exception mentioned above. In Ezra ix. it is stated that the people of Israel had taken for themselves the daughters of the Canaanites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Jebusites, the Ammonites, the Moabites, the Egyptians and the Amorites. When, however, we compare this with the parallel passage of Nehemiah xiii. 23, we find that the latter only makes mention of Philistines, Ammonites and Moabites, that is, non-aboriginal tribes outside the borders of Judea. From this we may infer that there were no strangers within the borders of Judea, and that Ezra was merely making a metaphorical use of a well-known quotation.

The compiler of Genesis, in telling the story of Abraham, finds it necessary to explain twice (xii. 6 and xiii. 7) that "the Canaanite was then in the land."

In the Books of the Maccabees the word "heathen" is often used, but seems always to mean "Greek." In 1 Macc. i. 44 we read how Antiochus tried to establish

the Greek religion, and in ii. 45 how Mattathias and his friends pulled down the altars, "and what children soever they found within the coast of Israel uncircumcised, those they circumcised by force." Apparently they did not stop to enquire whether any of these children were Canaanites.

It is in Galilee, if anywhere in Palestine, that we should expect to find Canaanite survivors, but the picture presented to us in the Gospels is that of a homogeneous Jewish peasantry. The meaning of the name Canaanite seems to have become so far obsolete that it was applied to the fanatical Jewish sect of the Zealots.

During the Jewish rebellions under Vespasian and Hadrian most of the Jewish towns and villages were destroyed and their inhabitants killed or sold into slavery. There is nothing to suggest that these villages contained a non-Jewish element, or that such element, if it existed, was allowed to remain.

At the time of the Moslem conquest Palestine was inhabited by an apparently homogeneous Christian population of mixed Greek and Semitic origin. That the Greek element was not confined to the towns is proved by the numerous Greek inscriptions and carvings found in the villages.

That the bulk of this population remained Christian is shown by the regulations as to tribute, etc., made by the Moslem conquerors, and by the fact that at the beginning of the Crusades there was still a large native Christian population.

The story of the Crusades is a story of nearly two hundred years of almost continuous slaughter and devastation. Those who survived the operations of the Crusaders and Saracens were destroyed by the Carismians and Tartars, of whom the former in 1244 and the latter in 1258 wasted the whole country with fire and sword. "The whole land, from Tiberias to Jerusalem, was converted into a desert."

Since then it has been slowly and spasmodically repeopled by settlers of predominantly Arab origin.

There are numerous considerations tending to show the predominance of the Arab element among the Palestinians of the present day.

They claim to be pure Arabs, and many of them trace

their descent, with some show of probability, to the Prophet and various Moslem saints and heroes.

Their language, in spite of Conder, who seems to have been an indifferent Arabic scholar, is pure Arabic.

Their religion is orthodox Islam, without the tinge of heresy which in the Lebanon and elsewhere betrays the presence of an aboriginal element.

The prevalent system of land tenure indicates recent, or comparatively recent, group or tribal settlement.

Even the non-Arab elements which exist are to be attributed to recent immigration rather than aboriginal survival. In Galilee, east of Mount Tabor, there is a group of villages the inhabitants of which, though in every respect but a slightly darker complexion they closely resemble their neighbours, came in a body from Algeria about the middle of the last century. One wonders how long it will be before they become Canaanites.

Conclusions might be drawn from the fact that the existing Christians and Samaritans are found in the towns rather than in the remote villages, but enough has perhaps been said to demonstrate the probability that the population of Palestine, in its main elements, has changed at least twice in historical times, and that the amount of Canaanite blood in the veins of the present inhabitants cannot be considerable.

A reply to Mr. C. R. Ashbee's article on "Political Zionism," by Mr. Herbert Bentwich, entitled "Anti-Zionism and the British-Palestine Mandate," will appear next month.

Trades Unionism and Political Power

By J. G. Lockhart

BEFORE the war trades unionism was not regarded as a decisive factor in politics. Public attention, so far as it concerned itself with the subject at all, was attracted to its industrial rather than to its political side. It is true that Labour members of a kind and in varying numbers had been returned to Parliament since 1874, but it is also true that until 1918, when the party carried 59 seats, all the trades unionists in Parliament were not Labour members, nor were all the Labour members necessarily trades unionists. Moreover, in practice, they were not so much a separate party as the Left Wing of the Liberal Party, whose policy in general they endorsed, and whom they supported fairly consistently in the division lobby.

Until six years ago, therefore, Parliamentary Labour was a small group, detached, it is true, from the Liberals, but incapable of seriously challenging the supremacy of the older parties.

Nevertheless, in five years the improbable happened: Labour not only established its position as a potential Government, but has succeeded in forming an actual Administration.

So swift has been its rise to political power that the Labour Party is still something of a mystery. There are no traditions which we may recall, no previous record which we may search, in our desire to penetrate its purpose or to gauge its significance. Yet, if we examine its short history, certain facts will emerge from it which illuminate the movement, disclosing alike its strength and its weakness, and indicating the answer to some of the questions which its critics have been asking.

In the first place, the Labour Party is an even newer organisation than is generally recognised. In 1900 a Labour Representation Committee was established, comprising a number of trades unions, councils and Socialist

societies, with a total membership of 376,000. This body produced and supported a very limited number of Parliamentary candidates, who formed, when elected, the Parliamentary Labour Party, and were maintained by a levy on the funds of the organisations behind them; in 1913 the collection of this levy from the individual members of unions as part of their subscription was legalised by Act of Parliament.

The result was still not a national party, but a group, of a kind more familiar to Continental countries than to Great Britain, which represented certain special interests and which was ready to lend its support to that one of the greater parties which was, in its opinion, best disposed to further its claims.

During the war, however, the membership and power of the trades unions increased enormously. Their aid was courted in a time of national peril; most of their demands for higher wages and better conditions were conceded; while their exchequers profited over a period during which strikes were of rare occurrence and unemployment was unknown. At the end of the war Labour had attained to an unprecedented prosperity, and it was only natural that it should want to maintain, to consolidate, and to improve upon the positions which it had won. It began to aspire, not merely to have its views represented in Parliament, but itself to control the government of the country; and its leaders were quick to realise that to achieve this purpose the political organisation must be overhauled and the group must become a party, not in name only, but in fact.

So at Nottingham, in 1918, the new Labour Party was born. Whereas previously its membership was limited to a small group of successful Parliamentary candidates, after 1918 it was thrown open to a great federation of trades unions and societies; so that any man who was a member of one of these federated bodies belonged by virtue of such membership to the new Labour Party. The change is significant as registering the triumph of trades unionism; in 1920 the party claimed a membership of 4,359,807, and of this number only 42,270 belonged to affiliated bodies which were not trades unions.

At the General Election of 1918, the first to be fought under the new conditions, the Labour Party won 59 seats;

at the election of November, 1922, 142; and in November, 1923, 192 seats.

The object of the reorganisation is fairly obvious. Trades unionism had amply vindicated its efficiency in industry. It had extorted from the capitalist wages and conditions which to an earlier generation would have appeared incredibly favourable. Here was a powerful weapon lying ready for use. As the Labour leaders viewed the situation it must have seemed to them a simple matter to capture the government of the country. All that was needed was to employ politically the organisation which had been so successful industrially. Let all trades unionists and such of their wives as had votes come to the poll on a Labour ticket, and a Labour majority would cease to be a dream and become a reality. That, at least, was the theory, and in adopting it the leaders allowed their minds, perhaps unconsciously, to be dominated by their conception of the relationship between the normal working man and his union. They assumed that the union would be able to exercise the same discipline in matters political as it had come to exercise in matters industrial. Although such an estimate implies an error of judgment, the leaders were quite right in seeking the key to the situation in the relationship, frequently misunderstood, which exists between a union and its individual members. To appreciate this in its true proportions is essential before any estimate of the strength and the weakness of trades unionism, either in industry or in politics, can be formed.

The relationship begins very early in a man's industrial life. When he starts as an apprentice or a shop lad, although he is too young to belong to a union, he looks to the shop stewards to protect his interests, and the shop stewards are generally quite ready to accept the responsibility. At the age of eighteen he is bound to take up his membership, on penalty of subsequent trouble from his fellow workmen, when he is old enough to become a journeyman. It is true that most employers and employers' federations refuse to admit the right of an apprentice to belong to a union, or of a union to interfere in any way between them and their apprentices. It is an old and debatable point. It almost invariably arises when an industrial dispute occurs, since while the unions claim

from their apprentice members obedience to their rules, the employers are inclined to interpret such obedience as a breach of indenture. In effect, however, an apprentice over the age of eighteen is generally a unionist, and at a rupture obeys his union, trusting that, when a settlement is made, a clause against victimisation will be inserted and will set him right with his employer.

This tug-of-war is important because it brings the worker at an early and impressionable age into the industrial fight; he is compelled to take sides in the quarrel, to learn the discipline of the union, and to regard the employer as his natural enemy.

After he has reached the age of eighteen the union becomes the dominant fact in his industrial life. His membership is a matter, not of choice, but practically of compulsion, since in an increasing number of works the unionist will refuse to work side by side with the non-unionist; and as the unionists compose the greater part of the effective labour supply of the country, the employer generally has no option but to submit to the claim.

While, however, the union is a bad enemy to those outside it, it can be a good friend to those within it. It is something more to a man than the organisation which prevents the encroachments of the employer on his rate of wages, or which endeavours to secure for him a higher standard of living. It is his benefit society, to which he turns when sick or out of work; it is his club which he visits for social purposes in the evening; and it even commands something of the loyalty which a man will feel for his regiment or his public school. Yet its discipline is extremely strict; its rules must be obeyed. Some of these, such as those which restrict output, are open to fair criticism; yet they have an alleged moral basis, being in the main conceived to protect the weaker or less expert against the free competition of the stronger and more expert. So that, while they hamper production, they are on the whole supported by public opinion within the unions. Infraction of any one of these rules is punished under a system of fines, some of them very heavy, the penalty for non-payment of which is expulsion from the union, an act of industrial outlawry.

History shows, however, that the popularity of an

organisation does not depend upon the strictness or laxity of the rules which govern its members; indeed, there is a quality in discipline which compels not merely obedience, but respect and even affection. There is, it is true, a lot of grumbling, as there will always be where the British workman is concerned. But when the crisis comes, even when the rank and file have good reason to mistrust the judgment of their leaders, they will obey orders and follow their union. There is a disposition to find in recent decreases in membership evidence of a decline in popularity. Possibly, owing to blunders in leadership, there has lately been some loss of prestige; but it would be fairer to attribute the decreases which have taken place to the period of bad trade and consequent unemployment through which the country has been passing. Men have moved from one district to another in search of work, and until they have found it they have not troubled to pick up the broken thread of their membership; or, driven by the necessity of finding work of some sort, they have drifted into casual jobs or have taken up employment of a kind outside the scope of their old union.

The fact remains that whenever, in the course of recent trade disputes, the employers have attempted to create a division between their workers and the unions, their efforts have in every case met with ignominious failure. Bad leadership may provoke discontent among the men, but there is nothing to show that their loyalty to their organisation, as the industrial society to which they are pledged, and as something above and apart from the leaders who control it, has been to any material extent undermined.

The wirepullers of the Labour Party, when they met at Nottingham and surveyed the power of trades unionism, based as it was on the adherence of the mass of the working people, dominating as it did every trade of importance in the country, and exercising a discipline almost military in its inflexibility, may well have thought that they held in their hands a weapon of decisive importance.

At first their reasoning seems sound, and we may well wonder, not that Labour should have achieved its present position, but that it should not have proved invincible. Why has that weapon, so deadly in the industrial struggle,

proved by comparison so ineffective on the political battle-ground? Why has the Labour Party, instead of carrying every industrial seat in the country, only succeeded in returning 192 members to Parliament? The answer to these questions is both simple and instructive.

As we have seen, until 1918 the trades unions were not properly organised for political purposes. The machine is new, and, like other new machines, its first years have been largely experimental. Its operation has disclosed certain flaws which had been overlooked by its creators, and which impede its efficiency. While some of these flaws are trivial in character and can readily be rectified, others are inherent in the organisation of trades unionism. An example of the latter may be found in the method by which Parliamentary candidates are selected. By the constitution of the Labour Party such selection is carried out by the local branch, subject to the approval of the Central Executive. In practice this means that the union which is strongest locally imposes its candidate on the branch, and that the Central Executive acquiesces. It is, however, notorious that different unions do not always live side by side in brotherly love, and that, while in public they make a display of unity, in private they are separated by countless jealousies and dissensions. Apart from quarrels of a local or technical kind which arise from time to time between different unions, there is the old feud between the skilled and the unskilled workman. This feud, which holds all over the country, has become embittered in recent years owing to improvements in machinery and methods of production. The skilled workman has seen his special status disappearing, not because his skill has deteriorated, but because there is no longer the same demand for it. In an engineering works, for example, his position dates from the days when he was his own draughtsman and the machine on which he worked required from him a great deal of mechanical knowledge and experience. To-day, on the other hand, elaborate drawings, showing the most minute details, are prepared in a special office and issued to the works, while the machine which he is operating, once started, needs very little attention. In fact, apart from reading his drawing and setting up his work at the

beginning of the day, he could in a multitude of instances be replaced by a semi-skilled or even by an unskilled man. The war showed that a great many operations which had been regarded as being in the special province of the skilled mechanic could, after a very short training, be performed with equal efficiency by women.

These developments may be regretted, but they are the inevitable result of scientific management and clever invention, of the economy in labour and the mass production and repetition methods which we were compelled to adopt during the war and which have been found equally necessary under peace conditions. Naturally the skilled workman resents this inevitable depreciation of his work; and equally naturally the semi-skilled and unskilled men have been eager to improve their fortune by undertaking a higher class of production than before. The result has been a series of bitter controversies between unions such as the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the General Workers, the latter striving to encroach on a monopoly which is becoming artificial, the former determined to maintain the advantages which they have inherited from the past. The manning of machines and its kindred problem, the division of labour between different classes of workpeople, are at the bottom of some of the most difficult industrial disputes to-day. In the shipbuilding trade there is jealous rivalry between engineers and plumbers; and the railway shops were recently threatened with a stoppage over the question as to whether the men's wages were to be determined by the rates of the A.E.U. or by those of the National Union of Railwaymen. Even among the bodies composing the former union the same kind of dissension exists, as is shown by the recent refusal of the Boilermakers to honour an agreement made by their Executive.

An even more instructive example is provided by the recent railway strike. The fact that the N.U.R. had accepted the award of the Wages Board undoubtedly contributed to the decision of the Locomotive Engineers to reject it; and the struggle which ensued was almost as much a trial of strength between the two unions as a conflict between the engine drivers and the railway companies.

These industrial differences have important political consequences. Behind the shining *façade* of Labour unity are hidden many ugly fissures which imperil the safety of the edifice. So at a branch meeting of the Labour Party the strongest local union may succeed in imposing one of its members as Parliamentary candidate, but it does not follow that such a candidate will receive enthusiastic support from the members of other unions, whose own candidates have perhaps been rejected. It is quite certain that a miner, for example, does not feel nearly the same obligation to support Labour in the person of a General Worker as he would feel were his vote being asked for a fellow miner. His loyalty is still paid, not to Labour, but to his union.

There is, however, a further reason to account for the comparative failure of the new organisation. Its leaders and representatives are in a most embarrassing position. The ordinary Member of Parliament owes allegiance to his party and to his constituency. But the Labour Member has another body to whom he must defer, a body far more suspicious and exacting than any constituency or political organisation. He is the servant of a union. The union has made him and can break him. Let him oppose the wishes of the union and he is finished. His political career is ended, and he drops back as a private into the ranks of Labour. Nor are his masters easy to please. The local branch of a union is the home of the extremists. It is dominated by the organising district delegate, a paid official whose chief duty in life is to extract concessions from employers and to prevent concessions from the work-people. He is a necessary part of Labour organisation; his position depends on the efficiency with which he maintains his brief; he never meets the employer except for purposes of controversy; and as a rule he has not the responsibility for negotiating a settlement when a dispute has become critical. As a result he almost always belongs to the Left Wing of the Labour Party, and divides his time between suggesting impossible policies to his union and urging his representatives in Parliament to agitate for their realisation. To-day he exercises a disproportionate influence in the Labour Party. Even Mr. Thomas cannot afford altogether to forget the National Union of Rail-

waymen, nor Mr. Clynes his General Workers. But while there are some leaders of Labour who recognise the responsibility of their position, and who, at the risk of unpopularity, preach sanity to their followers, there are few, if any, who, when the choice must be made between the ideals in which the best of them believe and the demands of the organising district delegate, which they know to be impracticable, will not choose the way of concession, or at least of compromise.

In this lack of leadership lies the real danger of the Labour movement. To counteract it a variety of expedients has been suggested, the most drastic of which is Lord Birkenhead's proposal to revise the Act of 1913, which determines the conditions under which the political levy is made. The wisdom, however, of such a course is very doubtful. It is true that if men were required to express their intentions, when willing to pay the levy, instead of, as now, when they may merely contract not to pay it, Labour's political fund would seriously suffer. But if Labour intends to play its part in politics (as it does), and is debarred by poverty from playing that part in Parliament, Labour will find another outlet. The political levy is a guarantee against Soviets, since so long as there is a constitutional way of seeking redress and representation there is little temptation to resort to other methods.

The problem is probably not so insoluble as it may appear, and, like many other problems, may well bring its own solution. Salvation lies in the fact that the interests of the country and the true interests of the Labour movement are very near to each other.

The fears which were widely expressed at the beginning of the year over the impending prospect of the first Labour Government, and the Labour Party's failure to obtain a majority in the country, are really attributable to the same cause, the predominance of trades unionism in the organisation. That a man should represent, not his constituency nor even his party, but a particular society, is a challenge to our system of representative government.

To this anomaly, too, may be traced all the rash policies which Labour has embodied in its electoral programme, and which emanate from the trades unions. Until the anomaly is removed Labour cannot become a

national party; and until it becomes a national party it is a menace both to itself and to the country. So long as it is avowedly the party of a class, it will obtain very little support, and must expect to awake distrust outside that class. It may win seats; it may, and probably will, improve its present position, but it is unlikely to secure a working majority in Parliament.

This truth is fully appreciated by the more thoughtful of the Labour leaders. During the last few years members of the intelligentsia like Mr. Sidney Webb and potential law officers like Mr. Patrick Hastings have been assiduously recruited; and the new Labour Cabinet not only contains a substantial leaven of non-unionists, but includes men like Lord Chelmsford and Lord Parmoor, who have never been identified in the public eye with the Labour Party. The reason for their inclusion is obvious; they are there to maintain a balance of power against the trades unions.

The future alone can show how far the experiment will be successful. On the one side, we may be sure that trades unionism will not surrender its control without a struggle, or lightly consent to share its authority with men who represent no one but themselves in the organisation behind the party. On the other hand, the new Cabinet has had, on the whole, an excellent reception in the country; the leaders of Labour would undoubtedly welcome a release from the paralysing grip of the organising district delegate; and the Nottingham programme, if pursued to its logical conclusion, implies that trades unionism should become not the master, but the servant, of the Labour Party.

It is easy to predict a conflict in the near future between these contending elements; it is not so easy to foretell the issue of that conflict. One thing at least is certain: there are few who oppose Labour merely because it is Labour, but many who oppose it as the tool of the trades unions. Let Mr. MacDonald continue to assert the independence of the party from the thraldom of the organisation, and there is no reason why Labour should not permanently displace Liberalism as the regular alternative to a Conservative Government.

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker (v)

By Henry Arthur Jones

The Sagittarian Insurance Scheme

I have freely granted to Mr. Shaw that human stupidity does actually exist in immeasurable quantities. I have further conceded to him that it is partly accountable for many social miseries and evils. But however justly we may reprobate and denounce human stupidity, it is only, in some indefinite degree, indirectly responsible for that perennial uncertainty of future daily bread and comfortable circumstances which is the lot of the majority of every population.

Even if the leisured and educated class suddenly divested themselves of their stupidity and other bad qualities, and if they so impressed the remaining nine-tenths of the population, that everybody followed their example, there would still remain much insecurity of future daily provender and comforts. If all of us were constantly wise, unselfish, thrifty and industrious, doubtless many more of us could be assured of daily bread for more than a year. But the facts that harvests are annually grown and annually eaten, and that any increase of the world's harvests immediately brings into existence a corresponding increase of claimants for daily bread—these facts would still govern the general situation, and would prevent any considerable increase in the proportion of those who could amply insure themselves for more than a year.

It is plain that so far as there are moral and spiritual causes for the widely spread precariousness of livelihood which Mr. Shaw deprecates, they are largely involved in the material cause. But here we find ourselves in the centre of that large plexus of moral, spiritual, and material conditions which I have called the eternal universal concatenation of things. Even if we assume that human stupidity,

selfishness, waste, and vice are the main causes of our social miseries and ills, it will be allowed that the average amounts of these bad qualities are fairly constant in human character, and that their evil effects are as constantly operative. If we have no reason for supposing that next year's crops of corn will be greatly increased, what reason have we for supposing that next year's crops of human stupidity and selfishness will be greatly diminished? Or that we shall be much less prolific in bequeathing to the next generation that average amount of these bad qualities which our fathers bequeathed to us? We may comfort ourselves by remembering that we shall also bequeath an average amount of our shining virtues and good qualities —let us hope for some surplus. In any case, the next generation will probably carry on at very much the same level which humanity has now reached, after hundreds of thousands of years' striving under Nature's ceaseless, ruthless coercion.

Here let us give a general flattering testimonial to human nature, and claim for it that, on the whole, it is as good as its circumstances will allow it to be. Probably much of the stupidity and selfishness that exist in the world may be traced to the fact that, harvests being annually grown and annually eaten, there results so constant a scramble for bread and circuses, that the majority of us have neither time nor inclination to improve our characters, or to fathom social problems. But Mr. Shaw claims, and personally illustrates, in the sentence I am dissecting, that when people get sufficient leisure and education to study social problems, they merely remain buffle-headed. Seeing that, upon Mr. Shaw's showing, this is the evil accompaniment of leisure and education, does he think that it is desirable to increase the numbers of those who will be comfortably assured of their daily bread for a longer period, inasmuch as most of them will join the leisured and educated classes, who, as he complains, refuse to get the world out of its perpetual mess?

We may admit that it is impossible to estimate how far permanently undesirable social conditions are due to permanently undesirable qualities in human nature, and how far they are due to permanently undesirable laws of Nature. But as mankind are always and everywhere

moulded, controlled, and developed by the laws of Nature, we may conclude that the inability of large numbers of us to make provision of daily bread for more than a year, is indirectly due to a plain material cause, namely, that harvests are annually grown and annually eaten; and is not due, as Mr. Shaw claims, to the stupidity of the leisured and educated classes, who won't let him pass his communal legislation.

I repeat that, apart from the consequences of the war and our ruinous strikes, a greater proportion of civilised mankind could to-day be insured for a longer period against scarcity and starvation than have ever been insured under any former civilisation. That a larger number of us are not so insured is largely to be credited to the false teaching of unthinkers like Mr. Shaw. It is his delusion, and the delusion of many of our Labour leaders, that everybody can and ought to be insured against the operation of economic laws. Hence arises a great part of our present discontent and social insurrection.

An interesting experiment was made some time ago in an inconsiderable planet, about the size of our own, obscurely and anonymously circling in the constellation of Sagittarius. A large number of its inhabitants were constantly subject to many hardships, risks, privations, perils and evils which, as they plainly discerned, they had done nothing to deserve. There were crying inequalities and disabilities of all kinds: financial, economical, political, sexual, social, intellectual. A reforming philosopher brooded over the wrongs and miseries of his unhappy fellows, and at length evolved a scheme of universal insurance. It was conceived on a scale so beneficent and comprehensive, that every individual on the planet was protected not only from all the major ills of life, such as poverty, hunger, unemployment, war, ignorance, income tax, disease, and old age, but was also equally protected from minor annoyances, such as bad weather, malicious gossip, offensive smells, corns and warts, *ennui*, unpunctual trains, and domestic ill-temper. Even Mr. Wells, who is offering humanity a Collectivist, Internationalist Paradise, where there will be a "supremacy of order and justice," "freedom from error and passion," and "sane adjustments" against earthquakes—even Mr. Wells, in his most

bounteous mood, has not prescribed human felicity in such lavish and magnanimous quantities.

The great merit of the Sagittarian philosopher's scheme was its extreme simplicity. Large, imposing red pillar-boxes were placed at short intervals in all the thoroughfares of the planet, with a slot in the front and another slot in the back. When any citizen wished to insure himself against any impending evil or privation, he wrote out full particulars of his claim, giving his name and address. He dropped this into the slot in the front. The philosopher who designed the insurance scheme, had foreseen that it would entail some considerable expense in working. With the same easy simplicity of method he had designed a plan for meeting the cost. When the insuring citizen had deposited his claim, he went to the back of the pillar-box and put in the other slot a contribution in cash equal to his estimate of the expense that would be incurred by the State, or as much as he could afford towards it. If he had no money he was exempt from payment. By this easy means the Sagittarians saw to it that the buffle-headed rich and leisured classes solved and paid for every social problem as soon as it arose. Punctual collections of the claims for insurance were made every two hours and taken to the Central Insurance Office. All that the State had to do was to carry out the wishes of its citizens, to take care that every one of them was fully insured against all possible annoyance and hardship, and that nobody had the least cause for discontent. There the duty of the State towards its citizens ended.

There seems to have been some little hitch at the start which prevented this promising scheme from getting a fair trial—otherwise, all would have gone well. But owing to some miscalculation somewhere, at the end of six months three-fourths of the Sagittarians were in the workhouse, and a general riot took place. There was a revulsion of feeling against the reforming philosopher, and this much-misunderstood man was put into a lunatic asylum. We are wiser in England. We do not thus maltreat our kindred social reformers and insurers. They are not put into lunatic asylums. They issue election addresses.

To a man who is willing to work, and from no fault of his own has been thrown out of employment, it is a

bitter mockery to offer a text-book on political economy. But it is a more cruel and bitter mockery, and fatuous beyond fatuity, to offer him relief from his poverty and misery by such means as Mr. Shaw confusedly suggests in the sentence I am dissecting. Doubtless our hardly driven, desperate unemployed will eagerly accept it, as the Russian proletariat eagerly accepted the social ethics and economy of Lenin. But, sooner or later, our working men will discover that the eternal, universal concatenation of things does not allow of any such scheme of general State Insurance as many of their leaders are proposing. Every step our legislature has taken towards such general insurance, has but added to the privations and hardships of our labourers. Their present lack of housing accommodation is largely due to the Budget of 1910, when Mr. Lloyd George offered ninepence for fourpence to all the workers who would vote for the paralysis of the building trade, the strangulation of English agriculture, a future civil war in Ireland, the certainty of a war with Germany, and the insecurity of the British Empire. The present lack of housing accommodation is also largely due to a false and vicious system of Popular Education, which for two generations has increasingly trained a larger number of our workers to hate manual labour, so that our bricklayers have been laying no more than 350 bricks a day. If we desire that our working classes shall be comfortably and healthily housed, the very plain way to secure that end is to cease our vain lamentations about the slums, and to educate a sufficient number of our boys in such a way that they will be ready and willing to build the houses, and to perform other kindred manual labours of national necessity. We are cruelly cheating our workers in the quality and kind of the Popular Education we are giving them.

It is true that a large proportion of them are very inadequately insured against a scarcity of daily bread for any lengthened period. Not by multiplying cumbrous schemes of State Insurance that annul and defeat each other, but by healing our class hatreds and divisions, by harder work and longer hours, thus increasing our national production, will larger numbers of us be better provided with the necessities and comforts of life. If our national energies were bent to this purpose, perhaps more than one

in ten of us might be insured against want for a longer period than a year. So far as Mr. Shaw prescribes a remedy for the conditions he deplores, it is one that would insure that none of us would be certain of our daily bread for a week.

The remaining chapters of this Series will be published in a book called "Bernard Shaw as a Thinker."

Spring

By Leslie Pocock

DIFFERENT greens and many-coloured flowers,
  New life, new light, new laughter and new song;
Old loveliness we did not know was ours,
  The nearer fields were winter—bare so long:
Old loves that leap to life, and new that bid
  The old good-bye; great kindly trees that let
Their branches hide the younger birds that hid
  Their mother's song. And this is Spring. And yet
What misty sorrow lay behind the sad
  Laburnam's golden tears? What quiet mood
Induced the lilac's gentle tone, and clad
  The birch so softly in its silver hood?
What grief has bent the willow to its note
Of pain, and lent its silence to the moat?

Schools of War

By Lieut.-Col. Baird Smith, D.S.O. (Retired)

ONE of the most unexpected results of the Great War, in the region of military thought, has been the tendency to stress the importance of the scholastic side of training. In the case of the private soldier, the expansion of the regimental schools system into an Army Education Corps marks the growth of the conception of a peace-time Army that shall be a kind of continuation school for all the half-educated or illiterate recruits swept into its net. That which might be sufficient for the labourer, the factory-hand, or even the shop-assistant, a State education ending in their teens, is not regarded as good enough for the soldier; who is supposed to have plenty of spare time in a simple profession demanding little of his intelligence.

As regards the officer, who joins with a good general education, there has developed a wide prospect of military theoretical instruction; new schools have been established, and projects for founding General Staff schools or combined Higher War Colleges are being constantly advocated.

All this at a time when drastic reductions in regimental *personnel* have been taking place, so that it might almost seem that a shortage of rifles and bayonets is to be balanced by a superfluity of pens and ink.

When the course of the Great War is reviewed by future historians, and due allowance is made for the individual claims as war-winners of statesmen, merchant princes, business magnates, generals and admirals, when the economic weapons, however clumsily handled, have been estimated at their true weight and the wave-effect of propaganda has been fairly measured, in the purely military domain the greatest credit will surely be given to those vast improvised armies that, on both sides and on all fronts, argued out the bitter quarrel to its decisive end. In other words, it will be to the "temporary officers" and their "temporary men" that the lion's share of praise will be justly awarded. They were fighting in no ordinary war, but in the most complicated known to history. Had its long-drawn-out course been in any way attributable to shortcomings on the part of these officers and their boy

soldiers; or had their lack of theoretical military knowledge seriously compromised the situation, a strong case for the intensive culture of their present successors might be made out, and book-learning be placed in a position of chief importance in the military curriculum.

No such deduction, however, can fairly be made; the improvised armies possessed all the military qualities essential for success; they needed only skilled direction. If the present demand for more war schools has as its aim the training of more skilled leaders this is comprehensible; but opinions will vary widely as to the best methods by which that result can be attained.

In considering the kind of training that ought to be available for all aspiring to high command in war, it should be remembered that the present situation is very exceptional. The world war is only some five years old; the middle and higher ranks of the Army are crowded by officers with extensive war experience, rendering them, to say the least, somewhat intolerant of theoretical study. It does not appear at first sight a very profitable enterprise to collect from all three Services numbers of such experienced officers, to elucidate, together, problems in Empire defence and so forth with which the majority have long been familiar. The importance or usefulness of such a gathering cannot be predetermined by the use of vague or high-sounding phrases, nor the practical teaching these officers are to receive be dismissed as "grand strategy, broader aspects of war, higher organisation, co-ordination," and indefinite things of this sort.

The ground must be cleared of all obstacles to plain definition, since the enjoyment of resounding phrases is infectious; already mention is made, for example, of air strategy. At any rate, such high matters cannot be approached until the guides themselves, the professors, are sure of the path, and are able to tell the difference between a new principle and an old one in fancy dress. A college of professors got together for the research of an abstruse philosophy which on examination should prove to be no more than the grammar of the schools would not look more foolish than the graduates of the High War School, should they make the startling discovery that behind the fine words of their syllabus lurked those evergreen propositions that had puzzled them as boys.

SCHOOLS OF WAR

It seems to be confidently assumed in some quarters that the next great war will be something quite different from the last. But even if this prove to be the case its peculiar difference will develop as the war progresses. Even in 1914 warfare was at first conducted very much according to rule; its succeeding frightfulness grew by suggestion. The newness of a future war is generally assumed to be in the direction of increased atrocity; and all peace-time agreements for restraining future "frightfulness" are, no doubt justly, regarded as futile. Still, the theory of war must, while modern civilisation endures, be studied as though savages were not going to direct its major operations. Thus what may be called the lower side of war will hardly form a part of the higher teaching.

As to this teaching, a recent writer suggested such varied subjects as "economics, policy, sociology, psychology," etc., as well as the "broad principles of war, grand strategy, higher organisation, and the conduct of combined operations." Another branch of study would apparently be "research in war doctrines"; the idea being that as there is research in scientific development of weapons, why not in war doctrines?

It is all very well for a writer in a newspaper or review to sketch lightly this outline of a scheme for occupying the time and brains of the General Staffs; but what does it all amount to? A case is being made out for the establishment of a sort of military Vatican, whose head pontiff will be credited with mental infallibility, will alter, enlarge or originate "doctrine," and generally collect around himself a cardinalate of the "best brains" in the three Services.

This imposing edifice would rest on no secure base; the materials of which it is proposed to build it are badly needed for more practical purposes; and such a glittering superstructure would be out of all proportion to its narrow foundation. This foundation may be taken to be the sum annually granted by Parliament for the Forces, and this is liable to further shrinkage. The money can furnish a not very adequate Navy, Army and Air Force for the Empire's needs, and can support abbreviated staffs of strictly practical value; for the leisured pursuit of the higher education by elderly officers in the great range of subjects already mentioned there is not a penny to spare,

or, if money be spent on such objects, the less there will be to maintain the men, guns, ships and aircraft on which national security depends.

Assuming, however, that the cost of organising, for example, new War Colleges for each Service, and a High School of War for the three combined, could be met by some unlikely expedient such as the abolition of a new and superfluous Ministry, it would still be necessary to make sure whether the money would not be as badly invested in these institutions as in the most wasteful and useless of bureaucracies.

The study of war, as such, begins for officers at the outset of their careers as cadets. Few can fail to be struck by the air of mystery that enshrouds the presentment of the theory by most of the recognised authorities whose works have to be consulted. The average cadet joins his regiment with a mind furnished with the stock phrases of such writers, which must be used in examination papers, essays and lectures, and which, like articles of religion, appear to mean so much and yet are so difficult to explain. Of all these maxims there is certainly one that is a kind of sheet-anchor in the sea of bewilderment, and that is the unanimous verdict of the past that the broad principles of strategy never change. They may be elusive, even incomprehensible, but they are eternal verities.

Modern thought is, however, suspicious of eternal verities, so that a demand for "research in war doctrines" may perhaps be understood as expressing a dissatisfaction with the older axioms, and a desire to replace them by something more up to date.

In what direction, then, will "research" proceed? Here, again, as in a search for gold or diamonds, masses of material likely to contain such precious things must be turned over and sifted. This is a task for the historical branch of the Committee of Imperial Defence, or other similar institution, which can only deal with material already available; and until this yields appreciable results there is no occasion to abandon any of the old "principles" that command general assent. These "principles" are the companions of every studious officer throughout his career; they are enshrined in text-books and regulations, and inspire the teaching at the War and Staff Colleges.

How these venerable doctrines can be further sublimated to form the serious study of yet another and higher War School it is very difficult to imagine.

So much for "research"; some other purely military subjects of the proposed curriculum are "the higher aspects of war," its "broad principles," "grand strategy," and "higher organisation." The height, breadth and grandeur of these matters need not daunt the youngest student. Even "Empire strategy" will yield its secrets to ordinary perseverance. Quite recently an "aspect" of this same strategy has been before Parliament and the public. In the Press laymen have been able to learn that Singapore is a naval key position, and that the construction of a base there is a strategic measure of the first consequence. Criticism of this proposal has been directed against its feasibility or its cost, not against its strategic value, which is plain to anyone possessed of a good map and average intelligence. This is perhaps an extreme case; there are other "keys" that, under modern conditions, seem to the lay mind to have no locks, or locks difficult to discover; still, the professional student can, by enquiry, easily obtain the solution of such puzzles.

As to the "aspects of war," it should be remembered that an "aspect" must be a part of some concrete thing, such as a present or past war; a future war, like a house not yet built, can hardly have an "aspect." War in the abstract may be regarded as having qualities, such as civil, guerilla, economic, maritime, and so forth, which the phrase "world war" completely covers; but to determine the "aspects" of the next war is a speculation, not a study. As regards all such speculations, the most profitable form of preparatory study is that of the war from which the nations have recently emerged.

It is when the region of "economics, policy," etc., is reached that the proposed course of study encounters the biggest obstacles. It is possible, by pursuing one line of study of certain factors in the late war, to arrive at very distorted conclusions. For example, the partial "blockade" and the surreptitious trade with enemy countries, in their effect on the duration of the enemy's resistance, might almost convince an enquirer that a complete embargo on coal or cotton could have finished the struggle off-

hand. Or an analysis of the production of the Munitions Ministry might tend to show that this alone was decisive; or that the broadcasting of depressing propaganda so sapped the enemy's *moral* that he was incapable of further resistance. The invention of tanks or depth-charges might equally appear to have "won the war," till nothing would be left but God or the weather to account for the surprising result. How much more difficult will it become to sort the threads of this tangled skein if the relations of policy or politics to the whole are to be traced and distinguished by the military student. And with "policy," as with other "aspects," it is vain to speculate on its future relation to warfare when the nature of that policy cannot even be guessed.

A working acquaintance with "economics," it need hardly be said, must begin early in life; it is not to be acquired in later middle age in a High War School, any more than "sociology" and "psychology," which are newer branches of science as yet only partially developed, and, in their possible bearing on warfare, quite undefined.

It has become the fashion to assume that sailors, soldiers and airmen have a great deal to learn from one another. Until the seas dry up, however, the wide difference between sea and land warfare will still remain. Air weapons will be added to Navy and Army, increasing the range of their operations, but not fundamentally altering their nature. The points at which their respective activities touch will be few, the contacts simple and easily adjusted. Thus the Fleet can never quit its historic *rôle* and enter the ring where the Army is battling on land with the common foe, nor the Army assume the responsibility for the security of the homeland or its protection from famine. These relations between the Services are now thoroughly understood; no one need burn the midnight oil to master their supposed intricacies.

The question may then naturally arise: What, in fact, are the proposed Higher War Schools going to teach if the subjects outlined in the proposed curriculum are, as here suggested, either too philosophically abstract, too detached from military affairs, or already so familiar as to need no further elaboration? It seems that there remain only those "broad principles of war" taught at the Staff

Colleges, none other than those "eternal verities," passed down through the ages by succeeding Old Masters of the military art. These will, no doubt, be supplemented by some few others, applicable to modern conditions, from time to time. The experience of the immediate past has already established certain facts which may come to be regarded as "principles"; for example, "great wars are fought by whole nations, not by their professional armies alone," or "the spirit of a nation is a decisive factor in war; that spirit can be broken by propaganda," or "'the freedom of the seas' defeats the purpose of a superior fleet"; and so on, mostly wisdom acquired at great cost regarding matters which did not affect or were not understood by makers of former wars. These are suitable subjects for study by all officers, and not too high or broad for any; in fact, no special institution is needed to collect and tabulate knowledge that in future all military libraries will hold on their shelves.

It has indeed been proposed by more than one military writer that some kind of standard of qualification should be demanded from those Civil Ministers who in future may be placed at the head of the fighting Services. But it is only among members of these Services that certain indispensable qualifications can be found, and there is nothing to show that the regular British custom of placing amateurs in charge of highly technical departments will ever be changed. Could a High War School be established in which rising statesmen could obtain some insight into the nature of the businesses that many are tempted light-heartedly to undertake, the money would be well spent; but how persuade the same statesmen to vote it?

In the meanwhile it is probable that the nation must be satisfied with the War Schools it already possesses, and be thankful if they are not swept away by newer economies. The professional wisdom and experience that it is proposed to gather together in other and higher schools will be more appropriately employed in the Services at large; while to another world, to some timeless Valhalla, the high debate may well be deferred, pleasantly to prolong its endless course.

Literature and the Policeman

By Austin Harrison

In literature every nation has its own policeman, and even the policeman has his "literature." We saw this aspect once more painfully emphasised at a recent trial where men of letters stepped into the box in defence of their art, impotent before the technicality of the law, which was out for blood. The case was a foreigner's book. Was it evil? Or, as the prosecuting counsel put it: "Do you regard such and such a passage as obscene or not?"

All things being relative in art, there was, of course, no answer. But in law things are not relative, and all lawyers are positive. As the Judge said, writers live in a world of their own; they are not moralists. And the Judge spoke truly in law though most untruly in fact. An artist is an explorer, a creator, he is not a juryman. He is, as artist, essentially the law-giver. But in the box he found himself confronted with the policeman's foot-rule, either or, yes or no, and the frown of the commercial librarian. His evidence was necessarily negative, and so the law ran its course, in the interests of society and of the *index expurgatorius*.

In a court of law morality cuts a comic figure, and evidence is reduced to an absurdity, because the fixed ideas of Puritanism still define our code and control our being. Puritanism has, or has had, such magnificent qualities; it does lead to such a pernicious and soulless hypocrisy. "Immoral," as George Moore has said, is a spring morning, far more so than any book. Immoral, one might imagine, was the electric theatre with its appeal to violence, crime, passion, and physical action. Immoral, surely, are the covers of the cheap magazines; immoral the realistic osculations on the stage, which in Paris would be deemed offensive. But Puritanism has a Nelsonic eye; its Copenhagen is print. Its pet abomination is the literary artist who dares to write truthfully about sex.

To quote George Moore again, that is, of course, why the novel in England is a stunted growth, and perhaps explains why to-day it is reputed to be dead. Sex is taboo. Such a taboo implies the elimination of the motive and promptings of life. Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, all wrote under the thumb of the policeman. In other words, there is no psychology. Only characterisation on a sexless canvas is permissible. Hence, perhaps, our humour —the escape. Hence, without a doubt, the poverty of our novels intellectually in comparison with the French and the Russians, which condition is shown even more conspicuously in our drama.

It is amusing to think that our first sex novel was *Jane Eyre*, the work of a clergyman's daughter, and that her quite melodramatic villain has been the prototype of Ethel Dell's gallery of sportsmen ever since. The book shook England at the time, and apparently frightened the men who, as if in despair, took to poetry. I suppose Byron was the first English psycho-analyst. Fortunately, for him, *Don Juan* rhymed. Puritans rather favour limericks. The fact saved him. Had *Don Juan* appeared in book-form it would no doubt have been suppressed—prose being far wickeder than verse; even as it was, the lord had to flee the country, like the saintly Shelley, who had offended the policeman of "divinity."

Even in Elizabethan times the policeman was apparently specific, and so Shakespearean women are Renaissance figures, types of types, taken obviously from reports of Italian women who figured prominently in the great masculine revival in Italy; thus Lady Macbeth, Juliet, Portia, and Cleopatra, whose famous cry, "O! happy horse," gives the imprint of them all in striking contradistinction to the Virgin Queen, last and the greatest of all women Renaissance figures. The study of Shakespeare seems to be curiously incomplete in this respect. How was it that Shakespeare missed (there is no other word) the character of his Queen, which must have been known to him, and must have excited widespread commentary? Why are his women dolls of the Italian Renaissance? How did he overlook the first new woman who remained unsung until Ibsen placed her in *The Doll's House?*

And so the history of English literature has been a long calvary. Byron, Shelley, Keats, were all three broken on the wheel of the index, since when the names of those who fell by the roadside have been many—far too many for the health and honour of a great race. One thinks of Vizetelly imprisoned for years for translating Zola. One recalls the sad failures of Middleton, of Davidson, of St. John Hankin, of Flecker, whose *Hassan* now delights a thoughtless mob, and of innumerable others. For the policeman acting upon the creative mind of man is not healthy. It antagonises. It leads to excesses. It makes rebels of such men. Hence, without a doubt, the reason of the sinister spectacle always with us of great literary artists who somehow appear to be at war with society and the State: who become, as it were, the Robin Hoods of English letters. This is a quite English peculiarity, and in nearly all cases the cause is sex, some book or statement which has placed the writer outside the pale of conventionality and driven him to rebellion and retaliation. There are many others. Indeed, at this moment some of our biggest living poets and writers are more or less under a social ban, live ostracised or outside the country, become, have become, or may become, pariahs and shipwrecks.

It is a curious paradox, for England is the home of individualism, and in no other country in the world has the individual, personally and creatively, played so noble a part. Our national spirit is freedom. Our national instinct is individualism—in commerce, in politics, in religion, in thought, and in action. Our national genius is man, not the State—man the explorer and founder of empires, man as poet, thinker, scholar, rhapsodist, weaver and practitioner of dreams, as sailor and soldier of fortune, as builder and architect of governance. We are the bankers of the world and the poets of the world, the conquerors and the dreamers of the world. Our whole gospel is sanction, our whole attitude is common-sense. Nothing is more galling to the English sense than authority based upon a truncheon. Everywhere the name of an Englishman is honoured for the law, which is his law, of liberty which has been his gift to civilisation, which may be said to be the fountain spring of all modern evolution.

And yet at home the Puritan, with his policeman, acts like a blight upon the land, the kill-joy of art and its expression. And so to-day a ridiculous librarian is the policeman of English literature, and publishers quake before his opinion, and the commercialisation of books threatens to turn literature into the mere book-form of the Press. Can we wonder that so many of our great writers seem to "go wrong"? Artists are fighters. Blind acceptance is not their creed or mission. Driven down, they break out, only too frequently with unfortunate results. They become martyrs of a social hypocrisy. The net consequence of this Puritanism is to let in the tradesman who to-day controls. Books literally are at the mercy of the gentlemen who dispense them. A more inglorious position for the nation which has the grandest literature in the world it would be hard to conceive. The two favourite words in the trade to-day are "highbrow" and "best-seller," the former being suspect, the latter meaning business. One hears this sort of remark: "If So-and-So writes another sexy novel the librarians will boycott him; publishers have been warned"; or this: "Jackson, Tibbs and Co. have stopped ——'s novel, as he refuses to cut out the famous scene, etc." And so on. Mr. George Moore is reduced to publishing his works privately, yet I suppose it would be generally agreed that all the "naughty" (one must use the word) bits in all George Moore's books put together are not half so harmful, socially, morally and physically, as almost any film, or any newspaper pot-boiler, or any lurid melodrama in which the hero is a thief or confounded jackass. The objection will be raised: "Well, sex is not our genius," which no doubt is true. One effect of this attitude is the glorification of fairy stuff and grown-up boys' books, etc., the two great examples of which are *Robinson Crusoe* and *Peter Pan*, with Kipling running for third place. Our best fiction literature revolves around rainbow land, the alternative is action in which sex is eliminated. Our great writers are epicene. Bernard Shaw has managed to survive Socialism chiefly because he never offends Mrs. Grundy. He, Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Kipling, Chesterton, the late Mrs. Humphry Ward, are pre-eminently *couronnés* because of this one-sidedness. And the fact is all the more curious in a country where

women first gained the vote in a fight which was admittedly a sex-liberating movement. Needless to say, it is the reason of our degenerate drama, which has become a business proposition.

A contributory cause is politics, we being the most politically-minded people in Europe, as opposed, say, to Tsarist Russia, where the taboo was specifically political. In a political country everything is free except art, and any form of politician is permissible; that is the Puritanical legacy. Morals do not apply to politics. A politician can cause incalculable harm with impunity, position, and a title; his one snag is sex, but, if he stumbles there, the axe falls relentlessly, as was the case with Parnell and Dilke. The starvation of our literature is unquestionably political in origin. Sex is the cardinal sin. The only fictional escape is humour or optimism—a book or play must end happily with a premium on the "ever after." As the commercial manager of a theatre will explain to the playwright whose play ends sorrowfully: "My dear sir, I'm not in this line for sentiment," and so the public thinks too—the most sentimental public in the world wants its books and plays to give them the feeling only too often absent in their real lives, and what the public wants is King. It wants the same old things, the same old superstitions, canons, climaxes and situations. It wants the policeman's idea of literature, and its purveyors see that it gets it.

But does the public always want the same thing? It is a very doubtful point. Our climate is partly responsible for our attitude towards letters, and for five months every year man thinks he needs a tonic after his day's work is done. The artist's retaliation is: "That's the stuff to give them," and if he puts it up in correct form it pays. But it also degrades. What has happened to Fleet Street is steadily taking place in letters. As the appeal widens and the market expands, the trade more and more acquires control. Newspapers have become a part of commerce. Already the novel threatens to follow suit. Even the most distinguished publishers will say warningly to a writer, "Rather highbrow, isn't it?" implying that it—the book—is rather over the heads of the mob which has become the criterion of merit, and out will come the passages that Alf

and Susan are not expected to understand. Thus the process of levelling down proceeds. The prizes of successful fiction are to-day too big to refuse, and as, owing to prices, the public buys less and less, the libraries obtain more and more the control. They can, and do, set the standard. They are to letters what advertisers are to the Press. Their veto rules, and actually threatens to turn novelists into the jobbers of a trade.

People who complain about the effeminisation of Fleet Street and of the novel ought not to be surprised. The novel of action and of stock characterisation has almost reached the saturation point, and only variants of the old themes are possible. Hence the change in the form of the modern novel, which, if it is to survive as an art, will certainly have to become something more than a mere story of how a man and a woman came to marry. Mr. H. G. Wells has done yeoman service in this respect. The tendency to publish serious novels privately is on the increase, and we may even see an inner ring of writers who only sell to subscribers, as is done commonly in France.

But the question is wider than any art-form; it concerns living men, and here the need of reform is too obvious to insist upon. It is ludicrous that one cannot buy a book of George Moore, for instance. It is a national misfortune that so many great writers get pushed into the dock.

What can be done? We have no academy of letters, no forum. Nor do the universities, as in other countries, play any part as art and intellectual assizes, except, perhaps, in the sphere of political economy. It is characteristic of our insular politicism. At the same time, we might inaugurate a practical reform whereby literary offences should be tried either by a special jury of literary people or by a tribunal drawn from the universities and from public men convened solely for the purpose of dealing with art lapses, or even simply to decide whether such and such a case is to be submitted to the wooden absolutism of the law. Such a body would, at least, be intelligent and might be constructive. It would not decide upon a book merely from a few sentences strung together to look indictable; it would weigh the moral purpose of the writer; above all, the moral significance of the work as a whole. Librarians would gladly welcome any instance

which relieved them of the necessity of taking a decision, and the policeman would not be sorry to see art left to artists. Writers could, of course, form such a body themselves, given authority. Anything, absolutely anything, would be preferable to the predicament in which authors now stand, liable at any moment to be condemned as felons for venturing to write a book containing some truth and wisdom about life and its meanings and manifestations. There must admittedly be a policeman or limit, yet when we look back and read the works of the literary martyrs—Ruskin was one—one feels inclined to laugh, so meek and mild do they appear in the orgy of our everyday life after a convulsion in which the highest duty of a hundred million men was to kill at any price. To stigmatise the artist, any artist, after such a blood-bath is only comic. It must be nationally and intellectually degrading.

It is really time we had a Ministry of the Fine Arts to straighten out this strange constriction of creative effort. Here one can rely on the women, whose cause, freedom of thought and expression, it is. Also it is the modern spirit. In a world unbound, such as exists to-day in Europe, we shall surely be left behind in the field of literature if the old Puritanical policeman is left to determine what may or may not be said in association with the necessarily timid because commercial tradesman, and those who advocate a Renaissance in England would do well to consider the causes which go to make any such movement possible. It was the artists who made the Italian Renaissance. It was the artists who made the great Elizabethan age. A country which neglects its artists and its art decays, as the poet says in *Hassan*, it loses its soul. To-day we need all the art impulse we can evoke, and perhaps only the artists, who are the true lawgivers, can give us the needful strength to win our way back and up in the difficult years before us.

To strike at the creative section of the community to-day is national suicide. Our need is not of more politics, it is of more truth, more evocation, more spiritual guidance, and that only the artists can provide. To fall back on the policeman to rid us of our turbulent priests of art is to indulge in cocaine. It is a new and great drama that we want, new thoughts, new tabernacles, new projections and

horizons. The Old Bailey will only bring us more darkness, more politics, more herd commercialism, more stakes and martyrs. The evil of the policeman in art is the premium which his office puts upon bad art. As Sir Thomas Browne said: "Every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself." That is precisely what the writer cannot do, if he is to live. He has to be an entertainer, a jobber, or a compromiser, and the fact colours and permeates our whole life.

Because of this code, it is almost impossible to write truthfully about things in England, and this at a time when what we require, above all, are light and leading, truer explanations, surer diagnoses, finer appeals. Our political world sadly needs the indignant fire of the penman. As for the moral tone of the country, that surely will remain dumb and inarticulate under the pressure of materialism, until we get some spirituality and more inspiration. We shall not obtain those values through a dull trade outlook or futile political controversy. Vision is necessary. And that is the privilege which should be the business of the men who write.

Self-Mastery in Auto-Suggestion

By Charles F. Harford, M.A., M.D.
(Author of "Mind as a Force")

In the world of thought modern psychology is destined to modify profoundly the outlook and the methods of those who must be leaders, whether in Church or State, in professional life or in the conduct of business. Nor is this all; education is a psychological process, and if we have gained new light on the working of the mind every individual may be the better for a knowledge of himself which he may gain from this study.

It is a significant fact that the new departure in this teaching owes its origin to the necessity of dealing with abnormalities of mind arising out of the war, and many great minds have contributed to this result on the Continent of Europe, in the United States, and in our own country. It is difficult to apportion the credit for the progress which has been made, and to attempt this task would be invidious and for our present purpose unnecessary.

This article is concerned with the practical application of profound truth which has been given to the world by one of the simplest and most modest of men, Monsieur Emile Coué, of Nancy. Although he is not a doctor, either of medicine or science, he has demonstrated a method of utilising the mind in the alleviation of mental and bodily disorders which has been productive of wonderful good. Great men and wise, as well as the simple and the poor, have flocked to Nancy from many lands, and they have gone away rejoicing.

I do not propose to comment upon the results which have been attained, but upon the psychological basis of the work, particularly since this has been called in question. His message is not to the "wise and prudent," but rather to "the babes" in worldly knowledge, and many who are bewildered by the complexity of psychological terms may be thankful if these can be reduced to simpler

language which "the wayfaring man though a fool" can comprehend.

Let me begin by giving the title of Coué's only official pamphlet, which is "Self-Mastery." Here is the ideal which he displays before the eyes of all whom it may concern. But he does more; he is not content with asserting the magnificence of his ideal, but describes the means by which it can be attained. He proves that the self-mastery of which he speaks is not only of value in the control of tongue or temper or common habits, but even in the disorders of the body which are commonly believed to be independent of mental processes.

The term control is one which is quite familiar to anyone who has to deal with machinery of any kind. It naturally suggests the turn of a lever, the pressure of a button, or some other means by which force can be released and certain results secured. It is essential, however, that the right lever should be moved and in the proper direction, or the consequences may be disastrous. All this is applicable in a sense to the action of the mind. It is not enough to determine to carry out some mental process, but we must do it in the right way.

The greatest stumbling block in the way of satisfactory mind-working is a wrong idea of what we mean by consciousness. We seem to have been taught, or to have assumed, that most of the actions which we perform are deliberate, or in other words, that the source of all our conduct is dependent upon the will, not only in its inception, but in the method by which the project is carried out. Perhaps it was F. W. H. Myers, with his story of the subliminal consciousness, who gave the chief impetus to the modern conception of the unconscious which has been generally regarded as fundamental in psychological study. Many have followed him with varying descriptions of the unconscious, or subconscious, as it has often been called, but these terms have introduced into our conceptions of mind an element of mystery which has not been helpful to the ordinary reader who has not been trained in psychology. Coué, with a stroke of genius, as some of us think, has used the term "the imagination" to describe, as he says, "the unconscious self," and this, when fully understood, is of great practical value.

The President of the British Association, in his address last year, stated that the needs of science were a combination of experiment and imagination. It is in this sense that Coué uses the word. It is the imagination of the artist, the architect, the poet, and the man of letters, the guiding principle of every individual as he performs the commonest acts of daily life. Anyone who will take the trouble to follow out this idea will soon recognise that this driving force in human life is not the direct outcome of the conscious will, but is something which is in the main automatic or habitual. But Coué goes much further than this; he sees in this impelling force of "the imagination" the power which is at the back of all our physical functions, but which acts not deliberately but unconsciously. Thus we get a system of unity in the human organism, heart and brain and organs of digestion being harmonised to produce that great result which we call health. Are we then irresponsible beings swayed by our instincts and emotions and the slave of our habits without possibility of conscious control? The very title of this article is the answer to the question, and it is Coué's own guiding principle—"self-mastery." Here comes in the factor of deliberation and conscious action which Coué designates "the will," and, far from disparaging it, he seeks to put it in its rightful place.

The two elements in the working of the mind, "the will" and "the imagination," are partners in the control of our personality, and while the former is the senior partner with the chief responsibility for direction, the latter is the managing partner who must carry into effect the policy of the firm. Conflict between the two would be disastrous to a business concern, and it is equally serious in the operations of the mind. Coué points out that this conflict is the common cause of trouble and failure and illness. Bad habits have been formed, and we have been urged in the past to overcome them by a forcible act of will. The futility of this course is evident in the case of drug addicts and particularly of those who have acquired the alcohol habit. Those who most vehemently profess their intention to abandon the habit are often the first to give in to its attractions. The senior partner may have determined on a course of action, but the managing

partner has not been consulted, and failure ensues. This is an example from the moral sphere of a process which operates even in the domain of the body. All who are engaged in any form of psycho-therapy recognise the uselessness of attempting to influence the personality by any *tour de force*. Coué is so strongly convinced of this that he has made this principle the central point in his method. Baudouin, the well-known professor of the J. J. Rousseau Institute in Geneva, has dignified this process by speaking of it as a law which he has styled "the law of reversed effort." Many have criticised this phrase, but others have found in it an explanation of a common experience which has opened their eyes to a great fact in human life.

How, then, are we to gain self-mastery if the violent assertion of the will produce, as a rule, an antagonism which defeats the purpose of the will? The answer is that suggestion in one of its many forms must be employed. It is of no use for the senior partner to bully the managing partner, but he can influence him. He may gain his confidence and win his sympathy, and success may be achieved. This is quite in accord with the teaching of biology. You must sow the seed before you can reap the fruit, and any forcible attempt to hurry a vital process is worse than useless. Suggestion, as I have said, may act in different ways, and when we are affected by the influence of another we call this hetero-suggestion. When, however, we ourselves accept the benign influences which may promote health and well-being of mind or body, or both, we speak of this as auto-suggestion. These terms are mysterious and seem to indicate some exceptional influence, but in reality the process is one which is constantly in exercise. To take one instance, the work of education is essentially one of auto-suggestion. Unless the child believes what he is told and accepts the teaching and applies it, no amount of instruction will produce the desired results. You can take a horse to the water but you cannot make it drink. There is ample provision for the mental and physical needs of human life, but they will do us no good unless we are willing to receive them. Coué applies this principle in dealing both with mental and bodily disorders. He adopts a special technique, but it is not necessary to follow this in every detail.

He believes in the great force within us which has often been spoken of as the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. This may be helped or hindered by the attitude of mind. If we believe a thing to be impossible to carry out, or a disease to be incurable, our expectation tends to be realised, but if we are filled with good hope we develop an atmosphere favourable to recovery. Harmony replaces conflict, and with it health of mind and body may be expected.

Will and imagination working together are practically invincible, and this is the ideal which we should seek to attain. This teaching is new, though it is merely a rediscovery of old truths. It is, however, opposed to many of the materialistic views of life which have hampered human thought. If we would benefit by this new knowledge, it may involve the giving up of old prejudices and the adoption of a new line of thought—but the quest is worth the adventure.

Glory of Song

By E. B. W. Chappelow

Not mine to be of that great company
To whom the world bows down with laud and song,
To whom the power and the pomp belong,
Vested awhile with brief authority
In the high-seats of the nations; nor for me
To pile up by some busy riverside
The damask and the jasper and the pride
Some fabulous East-Indian argosy
Bears me across the all reluctant sea.
These I desire not, nor do I desire
The clamant peal of fame. I but aspire
To catch some echo of eternity,
Content if at the last some few declare
Even at my going down: Behold a star!

Feminine Franchise

A Reply to my Critics

By Anthony M. Ludovici

In a little over five months there have appeared in The English Review three criticisms of my attitude towards women and their influence—two by Mr. Austin Harrison and one by Lady Frances Balfour—and in all three my position has been so seriously misrepresented, that I should appear to be a party to this misrepresentation were I not allowed to say something in reply. Those who have read my *Woman: A Vindication*, and particularly Chapter X of that book, will have been able to discover for themselves the extent to which my doctrine has been disfigured. To those, however, who know only my article on the "Folly of Feminine Franchise" in the November (1923) issue of this Review I feel I owe some further explanation, lest they should too hastily conclude that Lady Frances Balfour's and Mr. Austin Harrison's criticisms of my attitude dealt forcibly or even relevantly with my arguments.

But in the first place it would perhaps be as well, without further ado, to protest against the suggestion which they both make, that I cherish some rancorous hostility towards women in general—in fact, that I am "just making women a cock-shy," as Mr. Harrison has it. Nothing could be further from the truth. Such an attitude would, of course, be wholly ridiculous and contemptible. But let no one be deceived as to the motives of my two critics in thus casting suspicion upon my views from the start. For the controversialist who acts in this way not only wants to make things easy for himself, but also generally succeeds in achieving this end, provided that he happens to be discussing, as in this case, a subject concerning which feeling is likely to run high on both sides.

But let us be quite clear regarding the nature of the controversy. We are living in an age when the problems connected with our social conditions, the future of our Empire, and the relations of that Empire to the rest of the world have reached a point of most acute difficulty. The complicated nature of our internal troubles alone

might be regarded as unprecedented in our history. Now it is precisely at this juncture in our affairs that a certain body in the nation have succeeded in introducing into the direction of our policy, both at home and abroad, a completely new and untried element—the participation and influence of women. The very novelty of the situation, therefore, compels all thinking people to assume a definite attitude towards this change. A good many, including all those who have been active in bringing it about, maintain that it is for the good. Surely, however, it is open to another large body of the nation, who are not quite so certain concerning the advisability of the revolution, to express their doubt and alarm, without being charged with unreasoning prejudice. And when such an opponent of Feminism advances, as I have done, certain carefully considered arguments against the suitability of women for legislative power, and bases these arguments on the general principle that the human female, as the resolute and instinctive custodian of Life, with all the virtues and vices that this involves, cannot at the same time be entrusted with the *ordering* of Life, I should have thought that, before he can be accused of unreasoning prejudice, or of just making a cock-shy of women, the arguments he advances might possibly deserve to be more thoroughly examined and answered. It is easy to make an anti-feminist appear in the light of an anti-feminine monster; but to all thoughtful people it will be equally difficult to see any connection between these two attitudes. When, therefore, I remind the reader of what I say in *Woman: A Vindication*, that I reckon myself among the heartiest friends of woman, perhaps he will concede my right consistently to establish this claim, while at the same time I repudiate all sympathy with modern Feminism.

Turning now to my two opponents, and dealing with Lady Frances Balfour first, I may as well acknowledge that I see a certain natural necessity in her reply. In the first place, she is probably unacquainted with any of the arguments advanced in my book on women, and only had my November article to go upon in forming an estimate of my position. As, moreover, in a monthly review it is impossible to support one's views with all the elaborate apparatus of an analytical treatise, I can quite well realise

that with my article alone before her, if her reply was almost entirely irrelevant and personal, it was at least accountable.

Nevertheless, one of the main contentions of my article that the measure extending the franchise to women was inadequately considered, and hurried through at a moment of great national stress, when everybody's attention was directed elsewhere, she does not trouble to answer at all. Everybody knows the psychological processes which induce a woman even of Lady Frances Balfour's position to accuse an opponent of shrieking and shouting, when he is merely enunciating truths which are distasteful to her. All voices are too loud or too harsh to the woman who is stopping her ears to the truth. I was not surprised, therefore, to find her referring throughout her article to my "terrible screaming fit," to my "immoderate ravings," and to my "savagery and cruelty." It would have been better, however, if she had attempted to contest some of the unpleasant home truths I had been telling her; for the fact that they were true is borne out by no less a friend of Lady Frances Balfour's cause than Mr. Harrison himself, who finds himself in agreement with many of them.

With regard to certain deliberate sneers well calculated to prejudice the reader against me, I would, however, remind Lady Frances Balfour that, quite apart from the way a man has proved his allegiance to England in the late war, he may be a patriotic and sincere lover of his country, despite the fact that he bears an un-English name; for to criticise the land of one's birth may denote a patriotism more restless and more exacting than the kind which merely slumbers on the drug of stubborn self-complacency.

Turning now to Mr. Austin Harrison, the position is admittedly somewhat different. Mr. Harrison does at least come forward with some arguments; but, seeing that he is aware of the background behind my November article, and has written a criticism of my book on Woman, his manner of misrepresenting and disfiguring my standpoint is even less comprehensible than Lady Frances Balfour's.

There is no simpler method in controversy than gratuitously to assume that your opponent has made certain obviously ridiculous statements, and then to proceed to expose their absurdity.

Needless to say, I have never either said, suggested or implied that women made the Peace of Versailles, or that the "Tiger" was influenced by midinettes, or that women knifed President Wilson, or that they caused our inflation boom, or that they were in any way responsible for profits or wages, or for any other of our existing difficulties. All the long enumeration of absurdities of which Mr. Harrison accuses me, and which he easily sweeps aside with an air of almost generous toleration, are purely Mr. Harrison's own invention. But how simple they made his task!

A man who held women entirely responsible for anything whatsoever up to this point in our history would obviously be a raving lunatic; so there's an end of all Mr. Harrison's misrepresentation. Unfortunately for him, however, my position is neither quite as lunatic, nor quite as simple as he makes out. Nobody is better aware than I am of the fact that all the existing evils of the day are due to men and to their degeneration; and, what is more, Mr. Harrison knows that this is my position. It was the position I assumed in my *Defence of Aristocracy* and in my August article in this REVIEW entitled "The Need of a Masculine Renaissance." It is also my repeated claim in *Woman: A Vindication*, while my contention in my November article was not that women were responsible for the evils of war-time and post-war-time mismanagement, but that the men who created these evils and who were, therefore, utterly discredited, were precisely the people who had extended the franchise to women. For, according to my philosophy, even if women succeeded in exercising a good deal of influence over these men, which they certainly did, this very fact is only a further proof of man's degeneracy, and no blame attaches to the women.

It ought not to be necessary, however, for me to reply to these charges of unreasoning hostility to women. For, if my opponents had not wished to confuse the issue by attempting to cast the stigma of rabid bias upon my views, they might have left themselves more time for the discussion of the main issue, which relates to the value we may choose to attach to the recent entrance of women into the field of active politics.

The position is briefly this: owing to an admitted

decline in male ability all round, and to the appalling mistakes that have resulted from it (here Mr. Harrison and I are in complete agreement), the world has fallen upon bad times. Muddle not unattended with danger and with threats of grave trouble ahead is everywhere apparent. All over the world, and particularly in our great Empire, the need is urgently felt for men of not merely exceptional ability, but of quite unprecedented courage, character, will-power, and intelligence. Unhappily, however, such men are not being found. We, however, who are convinced that the elaborate confusion we behold has arisen through the degeneration of men are not on that account quite hopeless; but we refuse to be comforted by false remedies. We see our only hope in the ultimate regeneration of man, as male, and in the ultimate production of a generation of men worthy of our great past. We see no other way out, and we thoroughly deprecate the suggestion that there is another way out, because we fear lest, by drawing us off on fruitless side-tracks, such a suggestion may delay the ultimate reforms on which the rearing of a better race depends.

How do the feminists meet the same situation? They, too, apparently admit the degeneration of man as a fact. They, too, clearly perceive the immense difficulties that this degeneration has created. But their cure is different. It has more of modern opportunism and superficiality in its nature than ours. They say, add women to the councils of your degenerate men, and all will be well!

Now surely we may be allowed to question this conclusion without being accused of wishing to make a cock-shy of women! Many may believe, as we do, that there are the very gravest reasons for objecting to it—reasons which I have already given in my November article, but chiefly in my *Woman: A Vindication*. At all events, I suggest that the feminist solution invites the severest criticism from two standpoints, or from a composite position made up from these two standpoints. In the first place, it may be reasonably argued that no multiplication of voices at a council table can possibly supply the lack of outstanding ability, if that ability happens to be absent—in short, that no addition of women to men's deliberative assemblies can ever make men what they are not; and

secondly, that woman's nature is of a kind which, if applied to the control of public affairs, can only make the confusion created by male degeneracy worse confounded. It is impossible in a short article even to sum up the many reasons which, without any rabid bias, may be adduced in support of the latter standpoint. Mr. Harrison has read the careful arguments with which I have supported it, and it is therefore a little disingenuous on his part to reply to me now by denying the validity of a number of claims I have never made, instead of examining these arguments and attempting to refute them.

I have shown that both as a spinster and as a mother, woman's nature, determined as it has been by evolution in relation to a very definite and all-absorbing calling, possesses virtues and vices which, though of incalculable value to the purposes of Life, render it a dangerous element in the direction of public affairs. Nobody, and least of all Mr. Harrison, has ventured to disprove any one of the arguments I have advanced in support of this view. All Mr. Harrison does is to reiterate the optimistic feminist prophecy that "the greater the influence of women the more likely we are to advance," and by so doing once more begs the whole question.

I and those who sympathise with my view (and, to judge from the letters that have reached me, their number cannot be insignificant) do not content ourselves in reply, by merely reiterating the converse prophecy, that the greater the influence of women the greater will be our confusion, we give our reasons for our fears on this head; and, if we are criticised at all, our critics ought in fairness to examine these reasons and not appear to refute us by showing the absurdity of claims we have never made.

For the fear we entertain regarding the co-operation of women in the management of affairs is twofold: we not only deprecate it as a desperate measure that can but aggravate our difficulties, we also deplore it as a pseudo-remedy, a quack cure, which by lulling numbers of the nation into a false sense of security, will fatally postpone and delay the application of the only practical solution, which is to investigate and correct the causes of our lack of able men.

I still await a criticism of this attitude.

The Health of the Nation

By Major J. B. Paget

THIRTY years ago questions of health had very little interest for the average person, but to-day the position is changed, and nearly all thinking people take an interest in and are searching for facts which can improve our national health. This is probably due partly to the spread of education and to the feeling that we are "our brother's keeper," but more, I fancy, to the fact that the health and physique of the nation are not up to their former standard, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs is so evident that it can hardly escape the notice of the least thoughtful amongst us.

If we go back to the time of the Peninsular War, we find that Wellington, though hard pressed for men, took none under five feet five, and every man had to have perfect eyesight and also perfect teeth. This would be an impossible standard to set now. General Sir William Butler in his *Memoirs* says that when he first joined the Army some of the Peninsular veterans were still serving—he describes them as "splendid men with figures and faces of Greek gods: such men have passed away; I do not know the reason why."

It seems to me that the reason is not difficult to discover: we are the same race with the same climate and the same water—the only difference is our diet.

What were Wellington's soldiers fed on to produce such splendid men? A report of the Quartermaster-General of the time states that they received one pound of wheat per day; this they ate as it was, or, if they had time, they pounded it up and made a coarse bread. They also received a few ounces of wholemeal flour per week and not more than a quarter of a pound of goat's flesh per day. It states in a footnote that, as the troops had to catch and kill the goats on the mountains, they seldom got this part of their rations. The soldiers in those days took their

wives campaigning with them, and the women drew the same rations as the men. The Spaniards were struck by the perfect and flashing teeth of these women; I fear they would not make the same remark about the English women of to-day. These men before they enlisted were nearly all agricultural labourers who were brought up on a hard wholemeal bread, garden produce, and apparently very little meat, as the consumption of meat then was three pounds per head per annum.

We may draw conclusions from the foregoing facts that meat is not really an important part of the diet in temperate climates, but a large proportion of the food should be hard in order to grow a normal-sized jaw and good teeth. It is not generally known that the foundations of a normal palate and jaw are laid during the time that the baby is being fed on milk. The breast-fed baby gets sufficient exercise for its upper and lower jaw to start its jaws on the right lines. The bottle-fed baby does not, hence the degenerate palate and small jaws of the majority of the present-day children—this degeneration often leading to deafness even by the time the child has reached its 'teens.

Dr. Wallace, of Harley Street, has, however, discovered that a normal jaw can be obtained for the bottle-fed babies if they are given a piece of leather to bite. The weak point in the children's food of to-day is that it is composed of too much starch through the use of white bread, from which the bone-forming matter has been removed; this also applies to rice which is polished instead of being left in its natural state. In parts of India where the Indians live principally on rice their teeth on the whole are wonderful, but these people would die of nerve starvation if fed on the polished rice we use.

Another reason for the deterioration of our physique is the amount of strong tea that is drunk; this has a most injurious effect, not only on the nervous system but also and particularly on the digestive and excretory organs.

Now we come to what a child should be fed on. It is, of course, best that the child should be breast-fed. If this be impossible, the next best thing is cow's milk obtained from a pure source, but it should only be brought to blood-heat, never boiled, or rickets may ensue. Raw fruit juice

should also be given. The best substitute for cow's milk is dried milk, of which there are several good preparations on the market; but although this dried milk contains the necessary vegetable salts, there are no vitols in it. These can be obtained by giving the child raw fruit juice. The juice of the orange in particular helps to form bone. On this diet rickets is unknown, a disease due to malnutrition. Later on, steamed vegetables can be added to the diet. Spinach is one of the best.

When the child has got past the baby stage, it should be fed on whole wheatmeal bread—for choice toasted and made hard—oatmeal cakes and, as before stated, steamed or braised vegetables. Vegetables boiled in the ordinary way have very little nutritive value, the vegetable salts being lost in the water. For instance, the potato, which does not lose as large a proportion of vegetable salts as other vegetables, loses, nevertheless, 21 grains out of 36 contained in one pound. Raw nuts fresh from the shell are also a wonderful food, as they contain a very large amount of vegetable oil. Cheese is also very good, particularly that of the Cheddar or Dutch variety, also raw salads with olive oil and lemon juice but without vinegar. There is nothing more important than to end every meal with ripe fruit, not only for the food values of the fruit itself, but because the acid of the fruit inhibits the injurious effect on the teeth of food that may have been taken during the rest of the meal. In this diet there is a sufficiency of vegetable salts, and there will not be a craving for common salt. Common salt taken into the system goes in as chloride of sodium and is excreted as chloride of sodium, the only effect being to thin the mucus membrane of the body and predispose to colds. The late Professor Lahmann, of Leipsig, gives it as his opinion in his book, *Natural Hygiene*, "that the great amount of defective vision amongst civilised people of to-day is due to malnutrition, through wrong diet and to the excessive use of common salt."

He further states that a considerable number of the births among civilised nations even become fatal to the mothers owing to the relative disproportion between the size of the child and the mother. We are therefore led to ask whether the size of the child cannot be reduced.

Perhaps you should first ask whether it is natural to suffer so much in childbirth when the higher animals do not suffer in this way, but to us it certainly seems most unnatural. As a rule there is a great difference between new-born infants and new-born animals; the latter when born are little more than skin and bone, while the former are usually quite fat or plump. Working women in many cases still give birth to comparatively thin children, while the fattest and heaviest children are as a rule born amongst the delicate anæmic upper classes. The fat and heavy infants are evidently in a morbid condition; they suffer even before birth from fat anæmia—more properly speaking hydræmia (watery condition of the blood). We must naturally look for the cause of this to the mother's diet, for if the diet is wrongly composed, it produced malnutrition in the mother, and consequently also in the child. To understand this, let us again turn to the principal points mentioned in our first section. Meat, cereals and potatoes form the principal foods of the civilisation of Europe. Such green vegetables as are eaten are deprived of their natural constituents (food salts) by wrong cooking process; fruits are considered a luxury, and are only eaten in small quantities. Now anæmia does not consist in the want of albumen in the blood, but in the want of organic salts. Iron, however, is not the mineral lacking; on the contrary, the amount of iron in toxic blood may be too great; it is the excess or deficiency of various other mineral constituents of the blood which render it unfit to supply the tissues with their proper nourishment. Thus a want of chloride of soda in the blood is much more serious than the want of iron, the former being connected with the excretion of carbonic acid and its absence giving rise to an injurious accumulation of carbonic acid in the organism. If there is a deficiency of lime in the blood, decay of the teeth, soft and badly formed teeth, so frequent in anæmic persons, osteo-malachia, osteoporosis, etc., are the results. Professor Lahmann goes on to state that a mother fed on his system of diet should give birth to children weighing not more than six pounds, the head at birth being comparatively soft and the actual birth giving her little pain, showing that it is not the conformation of the present-day mother that is at fault, but the abnormal size of the babies.

A hundred years ago in Scotland, the average child at birth was eighteen inches; it is now, I believe, some three inches longer—really a sign of the degeneracy of the race, as the eighteen-inch babies grew into bigger men and women than is the wont of the present ones. I myself remember, when in command of the rear guard of the Sudanese Camel Corps in 1900, after the flight in which we killed the Calipha, bringing down to the Nile, if I remember aright, some nine thousand women and children, of whom I noticed an old woman and a girl lagging behind. I told them to go on, but the old woman said: "Effendi, this girl and I are going to die here." I said: "Go on and die at the Nile and not here." She said: "We cannot; this girl is going to have a baby; her husband was killed in yesterday's battle." I thought to myself, here's a pretty kettle of fish. However, I dismounted from my camel, and kept one trooper back with me and told the rest to go on. I took out my watch and noted the time. Within ten minutes the girl had had her baby. It could not have weighed more than three or four pounds; there was certainly nothing the matter with its lungs by the way it screamed. These women are to all intents vegetarians. I told the trooper "to take the girl and the baby on his camel and to follow at a walk, in which case they would be all right; but I said if either of them are dead when you arrive, I shall know you have disobeyed my orders and have trotted. Obey my orders and I will give you five piastres; disobey them, and I will give you fifty lashes in front of the Quarter Guard in the morning." I then trotted off. The trooper brought the girl and the baby and the old woman to my bivouac, all three in the best of health, as far as I could see. I gave them some condensed milk with a dash of brandy in it, which I fear was not quite the diet that the Koran would have prescribed.

While in China during the Russo-Japanese War, I was talking on one occasion to Sir Robert Hart, when he related to me that one day he had to cross a river, and he said that the ferryman was a woman (it is needless to say that Sir Robert was an Irishman). However, he was ferried over and was away for some two hours, and then returned by the same ferry—the woman now had a baby tied on her back which he discovered had been born during

his absence. He asked her if she had suffered much, and she replied: "No more than sneezing." This woman, like the majority of Chinese labourers, was to all intents and purposes a vegetarian.

Now to show that meat is not necessary for physical strength. I remember when I was at Wei-hai-wei, the British Fleet were lying there, manned by seven thousand seamen and marines. On the mainland was the Chinese Regiment, of the strength of some seven hundred bayonets. The British bluejackets at that time were very fond of weight-lifting competitions. A competition was organised at the Naval Canteen, and in order duly to impress the Chinese with the muscular strength of our seamen, the Chinese were invited to compete, and did so, and won every single event. These Chinese soldiers were practically vegetarians before enlisting, and their ration after enlisting consisted, if I remember right, of one pound of native flour, a pound of unpolished rice per day, and a pound of meat on Sundays, which I was given to understand they as often as not sold. That was in the past; but, looking to the future, we are shortly going to compete against many nations of the world at the Olympic Games to be held in Paris. Now everything that organisation and money can do will be done for our competitors, but, as regards diet, I imagine they will not have the same chance in feats of endurance and strength as some of the foreign competitors who are trained on a diet containing less starch and meat and more vitamines than our people. No trainer of racehorses would hope or expect to win a race if he fed his horses on cooked food.

The late war gives interesting facts as regards stamina, comparing only the American with the British and Colonial Armies. Practically the whole of these men were civilians before enlistment, and, although all the British are big meat-eaters, their consumption of meat per head is not nearly so great as that of the Americans. The English Army was under arms for some four years—the American for about half that time. The Americans after enlistment served in no worse climates than that of their own country, England and France, while quite a proportion of the English Army served in climates very trying to a European. What do we find as a result? The English lost,

killed in action and died of their wounds, 739,652; died of disease, 83,975; or about nine men killed to one who died of disease. The Americans lost 35,000 odd killed in action, and 65,000 odd died of disease, which is roughly twice as many deaths from disease as killed in action. These figures speak for themselves.

Referring again to Professor Lahmann, he says: "It is indeed difficult to make people understand that the same diet can produce corpulency in one person and leanness in another, but experience teaches that this is actually the case. How often do we see two married people, one fat and the other lean, although they have lived on the same food for many years." He goes on to show that this is through wrong diet, and that if these two people are put on a different but (as regards each other) identical diet on the lines that he advocates, they will both, after a time, return to their normal weight.

Now if we turn to Dr. Robert Bell, late Senior Physician to the Glasgow Hospital for Women and now Superintendent in Charge of Cancer Research of the Battersea Hospital, the pioneer and leader of advanced medical thought for the prevention and cure of cancer, a man of whom the late King Edward had the highest opinion, we find that his opinion runs on parallel lines to those of the late Professor Lahmann. He says: "Cancer is a blood disease, and should be treated as such." He further states that "the blood picture of rheumatism bears a close resemblance to that of cancer, and, so far as my extensive experience teaches me, a rheumatic diathesis is in existence in those who become the victims of cancer. So impressed have I become by this coincidence that when there is present a doubt as to the diagnosis, I am inclined to hold that if rheumatism is absent in the subject under examination, the case is not malignant, and *vice versâ*." He argues that the most important fact to bear in mind is that cancer is essentially a disease of civilisation; it is practically unknown among savages and amongst those who lead a simple life. Travellers who have been quite able to recognise it and who have penetrated to places hitherto unvisited by the white man have never recorded a case, so there is no reason to doubt for a moment that it is a preventable disease. He says that it is not hereditary and not

contagious, and the fact is as clear as day that it cannot possibly come into existence if the blood is kept in a healthy condition, which is quite possible when dietic and hygienic precautions are carefully observed. Moreover, we are aware that during the past fifty years the death-rate from cancer has been going up by leaps and bounds, until the mortality from this cause to-day is greater by three hundred per cent. than it was in the 'sixties. He says that in all his long experience he has never known a life saved by an operation for cancer, but that, with proper diet, if the case has not gone too far, he will average some seventy-five per cent. of cures on the natural diet.

He personally told me of one case, which I think worth mentioning. A lady came to consult him some years ago, and said her case had been diagnosed by three specialists as cancer, and that they gave her but a short time to live unless she was operated on within a week. He said to her: "Madam, in that case why do you come to me, as you know I do not believe in operations." She said that she had come at the wish of her husband for one more opinion. He then examined her and found she had what had been diagnosed as cancer in both breasts. He told her: "If you do not have an operation and follow my system of diet, the chances are I can cure you within six months." She burst into tears, and said: "Doctor, I put my life in your hands." She was cured within the time stated, and she has since had a child and nursed him on both breasts. The diet she was put upon was a meatless one, consisting of vegetables in the form of salads to a large extent, fruit, wholemeal bread, milk, eggs and cheese.

A number of leading doctors are now following in the footsteps of Dr. Bell, but the greater proportion of them are unfortunately against it. But Dr. Bell has lighted a torch of Truth that will never be put out, and I have not the least doubt that his name will be remembered by posterity when that of Jenner is in oblivion.

A fitting epitaph for him will be: "Servant of God, well done." Amongst lay writers on the subject of health there is none better worth reading than Alex. Clement.

The prejudice that meat gives health and strength dies hard. A large number of doctors now, however, will tell you that meat is quite unnecessary and, what is more,

even harmful for human beings whose teeth are the same as those of the greater apes, who are non-meat eaters. Again, all non-meat-eating animals perspire through the skin as we do—the carnivora only perspiring from their tongues and the soles of their feet. Again we, like the non-meat-eating animals, suck up our water, while the carnivora lap theirs.

To conclude, it has been proved by practice that children brought up on the lines recommended here, if their parents are of normal height, will be, at the age of nine years, about five feet high and weigh about six stone, while children brought up on the ordinary diet do not average more than about four stone.

As regards our bodies, we are animals, and it is known that an animal in a state of nature lives about eight times as long as it takes to mature. We only live about four times as long, thereby showing that our mode of life is not all that it might be.

On Hell and Mr. D. H. Lawrence

By E. L. Grant Watson

To all but the most superficial readers the work of D. H. Lawrence must appear as an interrogation mark against the accepted values of pre-war Europe. Mr. Lawrence is sensitive, and perhaps exaggeratedly sensitive, to the forces of disintegration. He portrays more vividly than any other contemporary writer the suffering of a self-conscious mind. For him Heaven and Hell, in the accepted and religious sense of those words, are realities constituting the spiritual conditions in which we live. For the self-conscious mind, and by that I mean the mind which is aware of its own individuality and which makes for itself values and is critical, Heaven and Hell are the spiritual states which support the appearances of life. To those who are not yet self-conscious, but who are only naturally-conscious, to all the Adams and Eves who have not yet eaten of the apple—and these are the majority of mankind—Heaven and Hell do not exist. These only know pleasure and pain. To these Heaven and Hell are but fables, adjuncts of a religion leading beyond their knowledge. For the self-conscious it is otherwise. Hell, at any rate, seems a reality, though Heaven may be a long way off. So it appears, though we may find, as consciousness enlarges, that even the old familiar Hell which we know so well is after all an illusion, and that Heaven, which seemed so far distant, is the one and permanent reality.

The consciousness of Europe is still a war-time consciousness. The creative impulse is checked, and mankind is mutilated and entangled in hatreds and oppressions. There are tyranny and slavery, and the consequent rebellion from slavery. Nobility has ceased to know an aim higher than rebellion. The dominant passions remain hatred and fear. The outer surfaces, here in England, may seem

smooth, may seem to present something of their accustomed appearance, but underneath we are afraid to look very deeply. Very near the surface there are hellish and deathly manifestations. The life-force remains, it is true, but it seems uninspired by creative vision. It seems blind and passionate, unlit by hope, existing for itself alone. This is the eternal Hell, seen by Dante, spoken of by Christ, in which there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. We would turn from it with shuddering, yet it exists none the less for our turning away. It is Hell, if that word is to have any meaning relevant to our time, where the life-force is separated from that intuition which offers deliverance from the recurrent round of procreation and destruction.

To this world of hatred and suffering Mr. Lawrence's perceptions have been open. He has looked at the surrounding appearances and at the spiritual meanings beneath, and they have registered within him a deep suffering. It is because of the sensitiveness of his mind, because of his bravery and his need to fathom and understand, that he has remained obsessed and almost conquered by the powers of the underworld. He has been a slave, as the self-conscious man is always a slave. He has taken upon him the heaviest of chains. These have been his destiny; he was no doubt born to them. He has carried them magnificently, like a giant, clanking them in his pride. He has both loved and hated his bondage. He sees the sterile mechanism in which mankind is entangled, and because he is near to the crest of the wave of human self-consciousness he is carried forward to be both prophet and destroyer of that sensual world which as a poet he loves and as a priest he detests. He beholds the world cynically and with hatred. If this modern Hell is to be the sum of things; if what is called love is to be used for the ends of hate, then love too is hatred, it is an abomination, an entanglement. Mr. Lawrence has let himself be very thoroughly entangled. He has explored deep into Hell. He has sat upon one of the nethermost ledges, and from there has looked round searchingly for the truth. There is truth in Hell for those who live there, and through the genius of his suffering he tells us that truth with deep and passionate certitude.

In all but his most recent writings, and especially in *Women in Love* and in *Aaron's Rod*, he depicts the hellish in human life. With a cynicism which is very near to downright cruelty he displays the waste products of our civilisation. In pictures, passionate with the colours of dissolute vitality, he portrays the emptiness of wealth, of lust, and of that sympathy which springs from weakness and fear. His horror for this weak sympathy is so great that he seems to have killed all pity, and even that nobler form of the emotion which has been called charity. I can read his account of the wealthy woman who wakes shuddering from a dream of revolution, and can feel that she *is* a waste product, and that her life and her conditions have created for her that fear and that possible death; and yet I am outraged by the sense of personal cruelty which the author has conveyed. This cruelty is perhaps inevitable in one who has been so deep into Hell. His books, for those who can understand, are a progress through the inferno. He shows the tired lives that follow in the pageant of material power; the tired lives that chatter in Bloomsbury or at the opera; the tired lives sapped by a sterile war. He makes bare the wasting entanglements of possessive marriage, the marriages made in Hell. And yet, in spite of his emphasis upon the sensual and his glorification of the physical organism, one feels that Mr. Lawrence knows very well that in the Kingdom of Heaven there are no marriages and no giving in marriage. He mocks at the Judas-Christianity, which is a glorification, having its origins in weakness, and by no means an attainment. He is contemptuous of all cravings for saviours and for salvation from without. Life must furnish its own attainment. His books are a history of his personal struggle. They record, too, his progress. He is a poet of the sensual world, loving it as his birthright, struggling in the grip of its illusions, and slowly, painfully discovering that it contains no permanent satisfaction.

In the novels, from first to last, he shows us men and women, tortured and made mutually destructive. Sometimes one doubts whether Mr. Lawrence himself knows *why* they are destructive and destroyed. There is no hint of a solution, though the inference should be clear enough. They are seeking in action what can only be found in

prayer or contemplation. His characters, one and all, with the possible exception of Birkin, seem to be caught in a blind mechanism, unable to find any personal deliverance. They have the will towards life, which is the will to increased consciousness, and they strive to find through sensation an increase that it cannot give.

I have heard it said that the characters in these books are exaggerated and unusual. This seeming exaggeration is part of a convention. They are portrayed in their spiritual and sensual essence, with the unnecessary details omitted. Such powerful concentration upon the essentials may seem strong and perhaps poisonous food for the average reader, and, indeed, these books, being misunderstood, may be responsible for much evil. They take the reader along with them down into Hell. Here are encountered those women who crave for sensation and for power through sensation. These are the harlots of Hell whom he has misnamed *Women in Love*. Here are men with hearts blackened and clotted with hatred who struggle against these women with the abrupt and serious movements of the damned. He knows how the tortured in Hell speak.

"I don't want my fate or Providence to treat me well. I don't want kindness or love. I don't believe in harmony and people loving one another. I believe in the fight and nothing else. I believe in the fight which is everything. And if it is a question of women, I believe in the fight of love, even if it blinds me. And if it is a question of the world, I believe in fighting it and having it hate me, even if it breaks my legs. I want the world to hate me, because I can't bear the thought that it might love me. For of all the things love is the most deadly to me, and especially from such a repulsive world as I think this is. . . ."

Thus Aaron Sisson to an old man towards whom his hatred has gone forth. Mr. Lawrence makes the following comment: "Whenever a man writes a letter to himself it is a pity to post it to someone else. Perhaps the same is true of a book." This is the one grim smile he allows at his own expense. The letter was written and the book is in print.

In *Aaron's Rod*, Mr. Lawrence tests and breaks all the old values. It is his deepest voyage into Hell, and he

will never need to plunge so deep again. He becomes sublime in his intense ugliness; he is serious and august. He is like Nietzsche's hunter who returns from the forest of perception. "Covered with ugly truths, and the prey of his hunting, and rich with torn clothes; many thorns also clung to him, but I saw no rose. . . . He has conquered monsters, he has solved riddles. But besides this he should save his monsters and riddles, he should alter them into heavenly children. Not yet has his perception learnt how to smile and be without jealousy; not yet has his flowing passion become still in beauty." He has been a great hunter, a great breaker of values; because of his bravery he will taste the last bitterness of contempt and loathing. He presents a suffering and august figure: a hero who will one day be approached by the dream-of-beyond hero.

Slowly and as if with great effort he moves away from the sensuous and emotional valuations. He has flung them, used, behind him. He seems to move unwillingly; and it is in contradiction to this movement that he rails against all ideas and ideals. He is such a glutton for the physical and the sensual that he would have us exist by perception alone. Disharmonies obscure his thought; he does not distinguish between *theory* in its original sense of contemplation, and those concepts which are imposed upon the mind from without. All ideas derived from conceptual knowledge he calls the dead ends of life. They may well become dead ends if they keep their shape for too long, but they are not dead in their first discovery or while they serve the process of evolution. In his desire for the purity of perception, the purity of emotions, of what he would call the purity of sensuality as against the impurity of sensuousness stimulated by the mind, he would sweep away, as so much waste, all mental concepts. This is the anarchy of despair, it is born of his loathing of mankind. If his mind were not clouded by this sickness of the soul, he would realise that consciousness grows from percept to concept, from the liquid to the crystalline. The crystals, which are the short-lived habits of our thoughts, lose, in time, their forms, become liquid and renewed. All knowledge is ultimately incorporated and lost in what Blake has called The Divine Imagination, in

the intuition which is the impulse of art. The Kingdom of the Tree of Life grows out from the Kingdom of the Tree of Knowledge, it is blindness to rail against any part of the process. Ideals are real and natural, they have but a temporary rigidity, they serve their time and pass.

But those in Hell live by hatred. Mr. Lawrence turns towards what is most productive of hate, to emotionalism and sensation; it is this that gives to his work a tediousness. This ever-recurring business of "death-eating" and "merge and slime" is wearying; this monotonous round of emotion, these souls entangled in a dead mechanism, grindingly serious, full of loathing and lust.

The time is coming when he will be freed from his loathing, but in the most of his work he appears like Nietzsche's young shepherd into whose mouth the heavy black snake has crawled while he was sleeping. It has fastened upon his throat. Not yet has he bitten off with a good bite the head of the black snake; not yet has he sprung up and spat it from him; not yet has he laughed from a full heart. He is still the torn hunter, covered with ugly truths, returning from the forest of perception. Yet unlike Nietzsche's hunter he *does* carry his rose. He can describe with crystal clearness his vision of nature; he understands, better than anyone else, the spirit and intent of animals, which is behind their physical form. The poise of flowers, the movements of cat or snake, for these he has the same quality of sensuous divination as was possessed by Blake. Yet though his genius is close to the sources of life, he understands the destructive rather than the creative representation. Destructively he knows the power of love and the bitter circumstance of its working. He is a rebel because he is a slave, and rebellion is his chief nobility. In his writing is the bitterness of revolution, and if for a few moments one recognises in Birkin or in Lillie the spaciousness of a freed spirit, the illusion soon fades, the picture carries no conviction. These characters may be giants of conflict: they are not heroes of freedom.

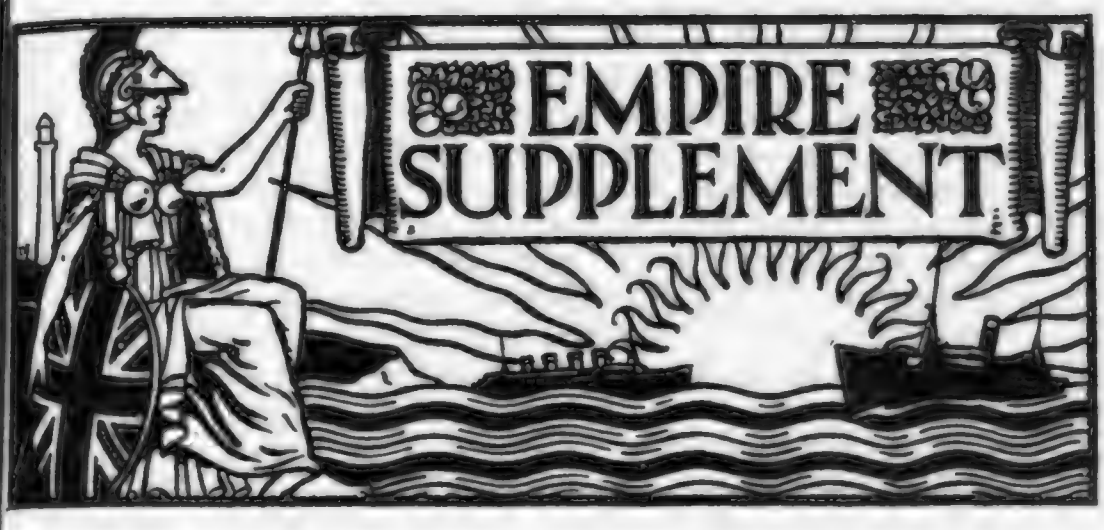
Mr. Lawrence is sometimes irritating in his limitations; he seems entirely unaware that there are living, and have always been living, people for whom Hell is no reality, people who are naturally innocent and chaste and who

can laugh at chastity, asking: "What is chastity? Is chastity not folly?" He seems unaware of this human achievement. And again for so clear a perceiver within his own field, he is possessed with partial and illogical hatreds. In revolt from one form of subjection, he would seem to accept another. In speaking of war, he says through the mouth of Lillie, with whom he is obviously in sympathy:—

> I knew that war was false: humanly quite false. I always knew it was false. The Germans were false, we were false, everybody was false. . . . There was a wakeful, self-possessed part of me which knew that the war and all its horrible movement was false for me. And so I wasn't going to be dragged in. The Germans could have shot me or my mother or what they liked: I wouldn't have joined the *war*. I would like to kill my enemy. But become a bit of that huge, obscene machine they called the war, that I would never do, no, not if I died ten deaths and had eleven mothers violated.

The huge, obscene machine: that is it. Life negating itself, as the war was life negating itself, is a huge obscene machine; and of the greater machine, sensuous, uninspired life, Mr. Lawrence's characters are already a part. The war was but a portion of Hell, and it seems over-scrupulous that those entangled souls should thus discriminate.

This surely is the crux of the matter. It is of little consequence what kind of slavery we accept or rebel from. If we would be free from the huge, obscene machine we must give up looking for salvation from emotionalism. This thesis, if not deliberately spoken, Mr. Lawrence propounds from out of the weightiest dregs of his seriousness. It is the heavenly gift that he offers still dripping and contaminated. It should be precious from one who has lived so deeply, yet the heavy seriousness, the black snake in the throat, does not convince us of emancipation. For all the genius of his suffering, he has not yet communicated the gaiety of the life idea, the divine imagination from which will proceed, must ultimately proceed, that larger consciousness which has been called the Kingdom of Heaven.



The Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition

By Sir Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

(*Chairman of the Central Committee*)

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COMMENCING with this issue, THE ENGLISH REVIEW will in future contain an "Empire Supplement" every month. Until the close of the British Empire Exhibition, especial prominence will be given to matters relating to that display of Imperial industry and production and also to the Fellowship of that Exhibition, a body of Britishers imbued with the common aim of fostering and spreading the great ideal of a united British Empire.

In the "Empire Supplement" a means will be available whereby efforts to fulfil that aim may be co-ordinated and sustained, when the occasion which originated the Exhibition and the Fellowship shall have passed.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

At this moment, when the hope of Imperial unity has filled so many minds, it is most in need of determined endeavour to bring it towards fruition.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which has probably the largest circulation of any similar periodical, and reaches readers throughout the Dominions, will in its "Empire Supplement" provide a compact summary of all matters of broad Imperial interest. The problems of inter-Imperial trade, transport, communication, defence, finance, and settlement will be continuously discussed in its columns by writers and public men best able to elucidate them. The editorial policy of THE REVIEW will be to press the importance of these problems, upon the solution of which the peace and prosperity of the Empire depend. Copies of THE REVIEW are supplied to over 300 of the leading journals throughout the Empire, in which its contents are widely quoted. No more effective means therefore could be found of disseminating authoritative views and influencing opinion upon Imperial questions.

This, the first, "Empire Supplement" contains an article by Col. Sir Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., etc., Chairman of the Central Committee of the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition. Amongst others who have promised to contribute are Major Frank Fox, Secretary of the F.B.E.E., and author of "Ramparts of Empire," "Australia," etc., P. J. Hannon, M.P., Director of the British Commonwealth Union, Sir Frederick Lugard, G.C.M.G., Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Lord Morris, K.C.M.G., Mr. H. T. Pooley, Secretary of the British Empire Producers' Organisation, Lord Raglan, and Lord Sydenham of Combe, G.C.S.I., G.C.M.G., etc.

Empire Notes

Editor's Note

THE Empire Exhibition will be the occasion of so many journalistic compilations, most of which will not claim more than ephemeral interest, that I am impelled to offer a few words of personal explanation as to the reasons for adding an Empire Supplement to THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Readers of the REVIEW, since the month of June last, will be aware that its policy has been definitely and strongly Imperial. The idea, therefore, of devoting a section to Imperial questions in which representatives of all parts of the Empire will be invited to express their views and thus to create, as it is hoped, a clearing-house for the interchange of information and opinion, has suggested itself as the most effective means of serving one of the main purposes which I, and those associated with me, had in mind when we took over THE ENGLISH REVIEW in May last. The opening of the Exhibition, with the enrolment of many thousands of Britishers in the newly created Fellowship of which Sir Henry McMahon writes in this number, offers an auspicious moment. The trend, however, of political developments which threaten to render abortive the promising results of the late Imperial Conference, points to the urgent necessity of focussing and consolidating the aims of all those British men and women who are determined that the conception of a great and united Empire shall be realised. That ideal is to-day nearer either to realisation or to destruction than at any time since it took shape, and there is every hope that the very dangers which menace it will inspire its adherents to even greater efforts to achieve it. When in March, 1918, the fortunes of war seemed to be going against us and the voice of the defeatist was loudest in the land, all the best elements in the nation hardened in their determination to win. And they won. Many of the same forces are ranged against the idea of a united Empire. Internationalism and apathy, the one actively hostile, the other even more dangerous, must both be fought and conquered if the British Empire is not to go the way of those of Rome and Spain. The natural sympathies and desires of the scattered British race must find

concrete legislative expression, or they will wither away. But legislation depends upon votes, and votes are only forthcoming in sufficient strength at the call of public opinion. In the education and crystallisation of public opinion such a popular REVIEW as this, circulating throughout the Empire, and freely quoted in the Press, can play a useful part. The promises of help already received are so numerous and so encouraging that I feel justified in saying that our purpose will be fulfilled.

THESE, then, are the aims with which we embark upon this venture, and I trust that they will command the approval both of our readers and of those whose support has already been promised or has yet to be secured. It will perhaps be the more readily understood that I take up this new task with zest and with conviction if I say that thirty years ago, or more, I first engaged in the work of stirring up interest amongst the islander British in their Empire overseas. Those were the early days of "Imperial Federation," of which the most effective exponent was, perhaps, the late Sir Geo. R. Parkin. By a happy coincidence I was associated then with my present colleague in the conduct of this REVIEW, Mr. H. F. Wyatt. Mr. Wyatt's efforts for this great cause have never relaxed and included a tour of the Empire in 1902-4 as honorary envoy of the Navy League, which did much to stimulate the Dominion contributions to the Imperial Navy.

"Home"

Earlier still I had served my apprenticeship to the great trade of Empire building in New South Wales, Victoria, and Tasmania. I have "humped my bluey," grubbed and fenced land, ploughed and reaped, planted a vineyard and spent a Christmas alone forty or fifty miles away from the nearest human being. I have later had opportunities of visiting Canada. Everywhere I remember the affectionate, even wistful, tone of the references to "home." Now that they have fought for the old home, are we to let our cousins overseas cut adrift? Leaving aside all economic and material considerations, which, after all, may be dispassionately appraised, I am sure that deep down in the hearts of all the people who do credit to the name British, in whatever part of the Empire they

were born, there is an intense desire, an inborn instinct, to stick together. The war has proved it to this generation. I knew it a generation ago when, as the only "new chum," I joined in the chorus of "The Old Folks at Home" to the strains of a concertina, round a night camp fire, in the Australian bush.—ED., E.R.

Fate of Imperial Preference

THERE is no doubt that in the three large Dominions the political situation has been affected to a varying degree by recent events in this country. When the preference proposals of the Baldwin administration were placed before the Economic Conference, it was felt oversea that Britain was at last beginning to realise the value of the tariff concessions given by the Dominions to British manufactures. A new era of reciprocity in intra-Imperial trade seemed to be dawning. The result of the General Election in December and the prospect that not only the new preference proposals, but also those preferences that have figured in the United Kingdom Budgets since 1919 may be wiped out by the present Parliament, have created an awkward situation for the overseas Premiers. In both Canada and Australia agitation in favour of abolition of the preferences now accorded to British goods has arisen. It would be a mistake to attribute too much importance to this movement as yet—indeed, in the case of Australia there is some reason to believe that it is being fanned by importers of foreign goods—but it is certain that the complete rejection of the Economic Conference Preference proposals by the British Parliament would have a most unfortunate effect. It may be indeed that the result of the free vote of the House of Commons on these proposals, which Mr. MacDonald has promised, will mark a definite turning point in Empire trade relationships, and it does not require a profound knowledge of history to teach us tnat important political consequences may flow from economic decisions. General Smuts and his Government have certainly suffered measurably in the country districts from the fact that the much heralded concessions to Dominion products have been placed in grave jeopardy by the result of the appeal to the British electorate on the Protection issue.

Free Vote on Preference

It is to the good that the British Government intends to leave to a free vote of Parliament the resolutions regarding Preference of the Imperial Conference. May the British Parliament vote wisely! If it does not, it will mean another check from political stupidity to a province of the Empire which has already suffered grievously from the politicians. The Murray Valley, Australia, should be as important to the world's production as the Nile Valley, Africa. It is in a promising stage of development now, after a delay of half a century's foolish politics, and will quickly march to the second stage if the policy to grant Free Trade to Empire dried fruits in the home market stands.

The Murray Valley Irrigation

During the sittings of the Imperial Economic Conference the Australian Irrigation Settlements received considerable publicity. Mr. Bruce, the Australian Prime Minister, stated that the works now in course of construction in the Murray Valley would, at a cost of about £10,000,000, render 2,000,000 acres available for irrigation and for close settlement.

The present irrigated area on the Murray and its tributaries is approximately 200,000 acres, and the population of the Valley about 75,000. The new storage works, upon which the extension of irrigation depends, are expected to be complete in 1928, but one important storage at Lake Victoria on the mid-Murray is scheduled for completion this year. This conservation work alone will enable 250,000 additional acres to be irrigated in South Australia.

If the full economic advantage is to be taken of the new works, Australia must settle the whole of the 2,000,000 acres, for which water is being made available, within the next five or six years.

Dried fruits, canned fruits, oranges and wine are the present main products of the irrigation settlements. Dairying, the production of long staple cotton, fodder growing for the fattening of stock, will, in the future, diversify the production, but settlement is chiefly dependent upon stable markets for the products of the orchards and vineyards.

The Murray Valley could easily supply the needs of the whole Empire for dried and canned fruits, but, owing

to the high standard of living in Australia, some preferential advantage is urgently required to offset the advantages which underpaid labour confers on Greece and the Levant.

In the present state of unemployment in Britain it is significant to note that the 2,000,000 irrigated acres of the Murray would support a population of 750,000, and that on the basis of the *per capita* purchases by Australians of British goods this new population would provide a market for £8,000,000 worth of British produce and manufacture annually. In other words, the Murray Valley alone, when fully settled, would mean a market of greater importance to Britain than any of the following countries provided in 1922: Russia, Java, Portugal, Austria, Greece, and Turkey.

Unstable Governments

RARELY, if ever, has such an almost universal condition of political instability existed in the British Empire. In Britain itself, Canada, Australia, and South Africa the two-party system has either broken down or shows signs of collapse at any moment. In Britain and in Canada minority Governments are in office, and in both countries their position is precarious. Mr. Mackenzie King has to drive an ill-matched team, composed of Quebec Liberal Protectionists and Western Progressive Free Traders, at a time when the former are actively agitating for a higher tariff and the latter, after a long period of agricultural depression, are more than ever determined to oppose any action that might add to the cost of the manufactured articles which they have to buy. As the Conservative Association is also Protectionist, Mr. King's task demands the exercise of much ingenuity. Mr. Bruce will return to Australia to find that the Country Party—Nationalist Coalition—has not strengthened the links between the two wings during his absence. Here also we have the curious combination of low tariff agriculturists and high tariff manufacturers, while the opposition—in this case Labour—is also Protectionist. In Australia, too, the industrialists are clamouring for higher duties. South Africa is less divided by the tariff issue, but there are signs that the days of the Smuts administration are numbered. It is losing its grip, not so much on account of the strength of its opponents, as

because of the tiredness of its ministers and the vague but widespread unpopularity which must eventually overtake a Government that has been in power for many years. The South African Party's majority over the very unnatural combination of Nationalists and Labour by which it is opposed has dwindled to four and the Smuts administration is therefore in constant peril of defeat in the Assembly. Moreover, there seems to be a distinctly pessimistic feeling among the rank and file of the South African Party as to the outcome of an early appeal to the electorate.

With Empire Eyes

Those who look at the Empire with wide eyes, and can see beyond the political fog that the General Election of 1923 brought over the British Isles, are not in a panic these days. They know that other parts of the Empire have had Labour Governments and have survived the experience. They know that our British national method of thinking—so comfortable for ourselves, so exasperating to some foreign ideologues—acts as a gyroscope to keep us on the straight line of common sense. Even if Great Britain is to be Red it will be a British Red, a very different colour from Russian Red or even French Red—a red such as that crimson strand which runs through the cordage of the Navy and is the best symbol of the bond of Empire.

Labour and the Empire

This British Labour Government will do nothing intentionally to weaken the foundations of the British Empire. Perhaps the only real danger which it brings is that through its old international associations it may be betrayed into administrative actions which seem to have a good purpose but which are really intended to hamper British trade and manufactures for the benefit of foreign competitors. Before the Great War, when Admiral Campbell for the Admiralty was endeavouring to secure the defensive arming of our mercantile food carriers, there was a clever foreign propaganda to point out the extra dangers to the noble British sailor of putting guns and explosives into merchant ships. Many similar examples could be cited of apparently humanitarian foreign agitations which

masked cleverly their real aim, which was to attack British industry. A Maori chief who had had unhappy experience of a rogue masquerading as a missionary answered a genuine evangelist who urged him to lift up his eyes to Heaven, "Yes! and while I am not looking, you steal my land." If Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues are wise, they will scrutinise very carefully any suggestions coming to them from foreign sources for the better welfare of the British worker. Such suggestions may have a good intention: but also they may have the intention of stealing our trade whilst we are looking up to an ideal.

Singapore

In the Singapore naval base discussion is centred the whole subject of Empire defence. Long before 1914 the Empire was being educated out of the idea that it was the sole business of Great Britain to defend the Empire. Australia and New Zealand fully, other Dominions and Colonies partly, recognised their share in the responsibility. The Great War completed the educational work. It was the British Empire, not the United Kingdom solely, that made the decisive contribution to that war. England was the grand captain and the contributor of most of the legions and almost all the ships. But the other parts of the Kingdom and the rest of the Empire seconded magnificently her great leadership. For the future, if the Empire is to be safe, the whole Empire must organise the means of her safety, and since that is so, the whole Empire must not only contribute to the means of safety but must be consulted about them. Whether a naval base is needed at Singapore is not a question only for Great Britain; it is a question also for Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and India. From the point of view of the naval strategist there can be no question: Singapore is the British key to the Pacific. Strongly held, it makes the Indian Ocean a British Empire lake and safeguards both Australia and New Zealand, and makes any Asiatic attack on the Pacific coast of Canada impossible. But—some object—the Navy is obsolete: air force is the only force of the future. Is that not rather a London than an Empire judgment? Air force sufficient to make London, to make this Kingdom, safe, of course we must have. But the

Empire cannot be defended solely by air squadrons in Kent. The Pacific Ocean is the ocean of the future, the scene of the next great struggle of races—unless the wisdom of man teaches him the futility of war,—and Singapore is the master key of the Pacific.

East African Railways

The opening of the Uasin Gishu Railway, in Kenya Colony, to Eldoret early in February marks the first stage towards the completion of an important new trunk route, which will in a few years time place the promising Uganda cotton districts to the north of Lake Victoria Nyanza in direct communication with the ocean port of Kilindini. Begun as a branch of the Uganda Railway, the Uasin Gishu line, which attains a higher altitude than any other in the British Empire (over 9,000 feet), will, when the extension to Uganda is completed, itself become the main line and relegate the present track from Nakuru to Kisumu, on Lake Victoria, to the position of a branch. The new main line is to have several short feeders to tap cotton growing areas. The British Empire Cotton Growing Corporation has suggested to the Colonial Office that a branch should be built from Tabora, on the Tanganyika Central Railway, to Mwanza, at the south end of Lake Victoria, to tap the cotton districts in that locality. This project has been referred to the local authorities for their comments. It would seem, however, that there would be little economic justification for constructing the 250 miles of new line that this plan would involve, since the cotton already finds an outlet by lake steamer to Kisumu and thence viâ the Uganda Railway to the sea. The one transhipment required is effected by cheap labour and the saving in distance that would result from providing direct railway communication between Dar es Salaam and Mwanza would be unimportant. The proposal suggests, once again, what has long been apparent—the need for a joint East African railway board to examine all suggestions for new railways and to ensure that such as are authorised shall form part of a co-ordinated plan. Indeed, one may go furtner and urge the unification of the Kenya-Uganda and Tanganyika railways, a course that would enable important administrative economies to be made.

The Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition

By Sir Henry McMahon, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

(*Chairman of the Central Committee*)

In the genius of British colonisation there are two governing qualities, tolerance and common sense: and the Empire built up by British colonists rests chiefly on those two qualities. Whilst the British character continues to preserve them, it will be safe. There is a fable in the Pacific of a group of three islands, one of which was settled by a little colony that escaped from the wreck of a British ship, the other two by colonies of men who had "succumbed to the temptation to belong to other nations." (I dare not, in view of the delicacy of the foreign situation, specify, even in a fable, the two other nations.) After the lapse of some time, the story goes, one island colonised by a foreign nation had a perfect constitution on paper and a café system which would have done credit to a European capital. In the island colonised by another foreign nation, the natives had a most effective uniform and were drilled to the last point of discipline. But in both these islands the aboriginal inhabitants were somewhat unhappy. In the island colonised by the British, the natives continued their old customs and their old dress, but had been taught to improve the bread-fruit supply, and had a finer yam and a finer banana growing than they had ever known before. It is a fable, but it illustrates the principles of British colonisation—tolerance and common sense.

There will be a splendid illustration of those principles when the British Empire Exhibition opens its gates at Wembley Park this year. In that Exhibition there will be represented no less than 78 more or less independent national and racial entities. The United Kingdom, as befits its position as the head-centre of the Empire, will provide the central core of the great display. But around it will be grouped a number of nations sprung from our

race, or from a mixture of our race with other European stocks, which are in reality fully independent and are held within the circle of the Empire solely by the bond of a common allegiance to our King Emperor. In addition there will be represented great Asiatic nations with civilisations as old or older than our own. Other component parts of the Exhibition have been organised by Colonies and territories under the British flag which have not yet come to the status of nations, but which have progressed in various degrees towards their ultimate destiny of becoming independent Dominions under the British Crown. It may be claimed with justice, and without an undue degree of national self-esteem, that this one fact in itself, of 78 different Governments coming together in a common effort to ensure its success, marks the British Empire Exhibition as something apart from an ordinary demonstration of progress in trade and industry: as something which is peculiarly British in its nature: as something which would not be possible without the existence of those qualities of tolerance and of common sense.

This Exhibition will show all the great civilisations of the world, and will show civilisation in almost every stage, from the primitive tribal organisation of the African jungle to the intensive modern national organisations of Canada, Australia and New Zealand. The Exhibition has been contemplated for many years. It existed as a project in the years before the Great War. After the interruption caused by that vast tragedy it began to progress from an aspiration to a reality. It was only, however, within the last few months that it was recognised that the special character of the Exhibition made it desirable, indeed almost necessary, that there should be organised in relation to it some band of comrades who would regard the Exhibition not merely as a display of goods and of manufacturing processes, but as a demonstration of the principles which have made the British Commonwealth of Nations possible. Hence the existence of the Fellowship of the British Empire Exhibition.

That Fellowship aims to enrol in its ranks all the citizens and subjects of the Empire who recognise that in the organisation of that Empire there has been the most serious effort that human civilisation has ever made to

promote human progress and human liberty, and that the British Empire Exhibition is the most serious attempt yet made to illustrate the results of that effort.

It has been organised, in a sense, as a separate entity with its own defined organisation, bound, as are the Dominions of the Empire, to its parent by bonds of sentiment and affection, but free to develop on its own account activities which will serve to make memory of the Exhibition the matter not of a year but of a generation. The Fellowship, recognising its duty to its parent, will make the success of the Exhibition its first care, but concurrently with that, it will strive to do permanent work for education in Empire citizenship and for Empire settlement. It may be that at the close of 1924 it will content itself with the work it has then done, or that it will ask its members to continue their energies for some other Imperial task. But whatever the decision on this point, it is clear that its effects will be to make the good work of the Exhibition more permanent in the minds of the people of our Empire.

To each one of its Fellows, the Fellowship gives a certificate of membership, signed by the Prince of Wales, and a handsome badge in the design of which a symbolical lion represents the fortitude which is necessary for the maintenance of Empire, and a swarm of bees represents the industry which must second that fortitude if the Empire is to flourish and exist not merely as a naval and military organisation but as a power for freedom and progress. The Fellowship was announced on December 18th last by the publication of a letter from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to the Duke of Devonshire, Chairman of the Executive of the Exhibition Association, agreeing to accept the Presidency and to become first member. There was at once a generous welcome from the Press. Great newspapers not only published the plan of the Fellowship but gave it their blessing in leading articles, and throughout the whole Empire there was hardly a publication of any standing which did not announce the Fellowship and extend to it a friendly greeting. In the Overseas Dominions the welcome was as warm as in the United Kingdom. In the first list of 500 names of those who followed the lead of the Prince of Wales, there were included many representatives of the Royal Family, the

heads of all the greatest religious organisations, and no fewer than five Prime Ministers of the Empire.

The plan of the Fellowship, as I have said, is chiefly to help the British Empire Exhibition by enrolling a great number of season ticket holders. But it is devoting 10 per cent. of its revenue to Imperial settlement scholarships and to work of education in Imperial citizenship, and hopes to obtain from friendly sources other help to these objects. The organisation aims to cut expenses of administration down to the last possible point, and a great number of distinguished voluntary helpers have been enlisted to help the Fellowship. It is a happy illustration of our British way of combining the practical and the sentimental to find great figures in our social and administrative life taking on, for the time being, the task of un-commercial travellers in the interests of the Fellowship. I recall with a mixture of admiration and amusement the spectacle of very distinguished friends going out of our office, pockets stuffed with circulars and literature to visit banks and shipping companies, and to point out to them the importance to the Empire of bringing in members to the Fellowship by the hundred thousand.

The Fellowship is administered by a Central Committee, of which I have the honour to be Chairman, and there are three sub-committees, (1) for London and Ulster (chairman, Lt.-Col. Hilder), (2) for the rest of the United Kingdom (chairman, Lord Leigh), and (3) for the Dominions and Colonies (chairman, Sir Hamnet Share).

One very interesting development of the Fellowship has been the number of applications received from American and Swiss citizens to join. The Fellowship in its original organisation, provides only for British subjects, but it is quite within the realms of possibility that some means will yet be found for associating with it citizens of friendly foreign countries who are anxious to declare themselves friends of the British Empire because of their recognition that that Empire is carrying on good work for civilisation.

National Boarding Schools

The Fount of Health

By Ernest Remnant

A medical man writing on the National Physique stated that on arrival in Liverpool—

I was offered aid with my bag by the pitiful little crowd of hoarse, rickety, stunted, anæmic children. They needed my help, not I theirs. I failed to observe one healthy child. No such spectacle as this meets the eye in North America.

Despite the establishment of medical inspection and treatment of school children, and despite the Insurance Act "for the prevention of sickness," the national physique has gone from bad to worse.

Three of the reasons which he advanced for this "progressive deterioration" may be quoted in brief:—

A steadily and rapidly diminishing proportion of the nation's children are being born to parents, and in environments, such as promise them the best inheritance, both biological or genetic, and social. North Kensington has twice the birth-rate of South Kensington, but the South has the parents least affected by the racial poisons, or by hereditary defects; and (only) the South can afford air, and light, and seaside holidays, and cream and butter, for the children whom it ever more and more declines to produce. A very few generations of this, which is typical of the whole nation, must be fatal. School clinics are blessed and precious things, *but they are less than a forlorn hope* in such a racial tragedy as this.

Cities of our present sort are racially fatal; they have been carrying on by the immigration and destruction of healthy young rural life so long that the rural resources are well-nigh drained—we are probably 85 per cent. urban now—and unless we can reconstruct our urban ways, we are doomed.

In the Glasgow region, where half the population of Scotland resides, the children are mostly fed on tea, white bread, and jam, none of which contain any vitamines at all; and consequently the streets are full of rickets, and the kind of children one sees in Leeds, or Liverpool, or Manchester.

Here is a specific and damning indictment of the twofold effect of urban environment and inadequate feeding on child life. It embraces, of course, the inherited effect on the children of their town-bred parentage.

The solution of the problem (in a large measure) is as obvious and simple as it is vital and urgent. We cannot bring the country and the seaside to the towns, but we can take the children to the country and the seaside.

Almost all the children of the well-to-do classes, who need it less, are sent to school in the country; they also spend a large part of the holidays in the country or at the sea, if their homes are in town. There need be no real difficulty in ensuring that the working-class children of the industrial urban areas, who need it infinitely more, enjoy equal benefits of education in country or sea air. As these benefits admit of no argument, it is only necessary to consider the elements of the problem, which are threefold :—

1. The attitude of the parents.
2. The question of accommodation, and
3. Cost.

It may be broadly assumed that the working classes, if not positively jealous of the advantages of upper-class children, at least recognise that their spacious schools in the country or seaside, with gardens, playing fields, and country walks and sports, are a permanently valuable, and not merely superficial, advantage, such as top hats or silk stockings. They probably also recognise the advantages of the discipline, diet, and medical supervision, which are so largely the foundations of the boarding-school system.

The mother of several children in a crowded home, with no help, and a wage-earning husband to " do " for, must often sigh for the relief which more fortunate mothers get by merely paying a fee in exchange for greater advantages than they could give their children at home. Indeed, probably only a working-class mother fully realises the mental and physical strain involved in providing single-handed for all the needs of a family, husband and children, catering, cooking, clothing, mending and cleaning, sometimes complicated by sickness and often by lack of adequate accommodation. If sometimes, or often, the duties are too many to be properly discharged, can such a mother be fairly blamed? I think not.

There is every reason to believe, therefore, that the great majority of working-class parents would in principle welcome, rather than object to, the proposal to send their

children to country or seaside boarding schools, provided that these were situated within easy reach of their homes.

The only ground for objection might arise on the question of cost, and this should not be a serious difficulty if the parents were asked to pay only such a sum as fairly represents the cost to themselves of maintaining their children at home.

It may safely be estimated that the actual cost of maintenance of groups of children, ranging from, say, 250, with the advantages of wholesale buying of food, milk and country produce from local farmers, the bulk of the fruit and vegetables being grown in the school gardens and largely by the labour of the children themselves, would be no greater than the cost to the individual parents. That the standard of quality and suitability would be far higher admits of no doubt. If, therefore, substantial agreement can be reached as to the actual average cost to the parents of maintaining their children at home, there should be no obstacle in the way of educating future generations of children of the urban working class, from a very early age, under incomparably more healthy conditions, and at no greater cost to the community, while relieving the mothers from an often excessive strain which reacts unfavourably upon their own and the children's health.

Labour is now so insistently and successfully claiming its share of the national income that there need be no question of "pauperising" by any State contribution to the bare cost of maintaining the children.

There remains the important question of whether suitable accommodation is available, or could be provided, at a reasonable cost. If all of it had to be newly built, I should say that not only would the cost be prohibitive, but that the erection of typical "institution" buildings on the bare sites likely to be selected would be a stupid waste of the incalculably valuable educative assets we already possess in those great country mansions—"The Stately Homes of England"—which the changing conditions of our social life threaten soon to render derelict. While the land capable of producing crops or carrying stock is still valuable, it is inevitable that within a few years most of the very large mansions will become virtually unsaleable. Many owners have already found it impossible to

keep them up and are willing to dispose of their "white elephant" mansions at very low prices. With a moderate outlay upon necessary alterations, and perhaps additional dormitories, sufficient of such houses, with immediately surrounding ground for playing fields and gardens, could certainly be acquired to accommodate a large proportion of the children of the great urban industrial centres. If the existing school buildings, which would thus become vacant, were disposed of for other purposes at urban values, the net cost to the nation should be negligible.

Having regard to the cost of railway travelling, not only for the children, but for parents wishing to visit them, it would be desirable that children should be placed within a short radius (20 to 50 miles) from their homes, and every facility should be offered to parents wishing to visit the schools. At the option of the parents, children might be boarded during the holidays, and, provided that no obstacle were placed in the way of their parents seeing them, the more they stayed in the country and the less in town, the better. Whether co-education were adopted, or not, in actual class teaching, there is no reason why girls and boys should not be housed under the same roof, so that families of brothers and sisters, with perhaps cousins and friends from neighbouring homes, could be kept together as much as they would be in town.

There is at present serious dissatisfaction amongst the national school teachers on the score mainly of their pay. It is noteworthy that this dissatisfaction is most common in the urban areas, chiefly no doubt owing to the cost of living. In a less degree it may also be accounted for by the fact that dwellers in the large, ugly, and depressing industrial areas, where, nevertheless, the existence of wealth is more obvious, and the contrast between wealth and poverty is more marked, are notoriously the most prone to dissatisfaction with things as they are and inclined to embrace the doctrines of Socialism or of any movement towards the "equality" which they sanguinely assume must better themselves. Under such conditions the best type of teacher is not likely to be available, and to entrust the education of the greatest proportion of the nation's children to a body of soured teachers, largely imbued with strong Socialistic tendencies—anti-capitalistic and anti-

Imperialistic—is the height of folly and the negation of statesmanship.

The effect of the establishment of national boarding schools in the country would be greatly to mitigate this evil. Teachers could be lodged and boarded, and, although that would, of course, be taken into account in fixing their pay, it should materially assist a satisfactory settlement. Moreover, political diseases, which flourish in the atmosphere of crowded cities, seldom survive the open air and prospect of the country. The woods and lanes, the sights and sounds, of the sweet English countryside; the tilling, sowing, and harvesting; the field games and the cultivation of their school gardens, will all have as powerful and valuable an influence upon the teachers themselves as upon the children.

And in this lies the reason, which some may think fanciful, but which I insist is valid, why I advocate that, rather than new buildings on bare sites, however scientifically hygienic and theoretically perfect, beautiful old country homes, the pride of England for generations, and in which she is richer than any other nation, should be acquired for the good of future generations of her children. Who can deny that, during adolescence, the dignified environment of our great public schools, the venerable beauty of our historic universities, eloquent of noble ideals and of great English traditions, have materially helped to foster the spirit of patriotism which proved itself when almost the entire strength of the universities and upper forms of the public schools volunteered for service at the commencement of the war? And is not the memory in after life of such early surroundings a potent and permanent, elevating influence?

In these days when the enemies of society are preaching a miserable dead level of existence, it would be well that the coming generations should know something of the natural and architectural beauties of their country, which are their birthright. Only thus is it possible that they may develop healthy minds in healthy bodies; and only thus will they fit themselves to shake off the shackles of a mean industrialism and false political and economic ideals, which, far from raising their standard of life, would impoverish not merely the envied rich but the whole nation.

The extreme elements have declared and are waging a bitter class war. With the more rabid leaders and their disciples it is hopeless to reason. The future internal peace and prosperity of the nation depend upon preventing these extremists from inoculating a sufficiently large proportion of the working classes with their poisonous doctrines to overbalance our social structure and so to produce the crash which even Mr. Lloyd George has predicted if the saner elements should lose control.

Fanatics and revolutionaries are not made out of the patriotic citizens of an enlightened democracy. The duty of statesmanship is to ensure that public education shall be designed to produce the best type of citizen, and it would be ridiculous to pretend that children confined to squalid and unhealthy industrial areas, and taught by teachers many of whom regard patriotism, militarism and capitalism as only slightly varied forms of the one accursed thing, are being given even a fair chance of becoming good patriotic citizens in any sane sense of the words.

The aims of the " class war " fanatics, if realised, would simply destroy everything of value in our national life. Fortunately they are not likely to succeed either in levelling up or levelling down. The process of levelling must, however, inevitably go on, and in the present stage of our evolution we may be satisfied if we make substantial progress towards equality of opportunity. The greatest stride in this direction would undoubtedly be the establishment of such a system of education in National Boarding Schools. Within a generation it would powerfully tend to obliterate class distinction. It would not be long before the lower middle classes (I use the term mainly in respect of pecuniary status), who would not now dream of sending their children to an urban national school, would lose their prejudice against such national boarding schools as I have pictured. Gradually co-education of the classes, the most potent of all levelling agencies, would follow and effectually dissolve the delusions of the misguided advocates of class war.

Average insular English opinion is so complacently certain that existing institutions were ordained by Providence that many readers who have followed, and perhaps approved, my reasons for giving working-class children a

fair chance in life will refuse to contemplate the possibility of their own children, for instance, being educated in the same schools. I would ask all such to reflect, first, that co-education of the classes has been general for years in our self-governing Dominions, and in America, with entirely satisfactory results, and, second, that equality of opportunity, of which such co-education is the first condition, is the surest safeguard against any of the forms of enforced equality aimed at by Socialists and Communists. The true social ideal may be summed up as "equal chances for all; let the best win; rewards by merit." The one will follow from the other, and more problems, social and political, would be solved by this one measure than by any other contemplated legislation.

If ever a race, through centuries of achievement, merited the proud title "Imperial" it is the British. Is it possible that it can continue to hold its place throughout further centuries if the wretchedly low standard of physique revealed by the National Enquiry during the war, and not then allowed to be published lest it should encourage the enemy, is permitted further to deteriorate owing to unnatural conditions of life proved to be racially destructive? All science and all history show that the law of the survival of the fittest is inexorable, whether applied to animal or vegetable life, human beings or nations.

In the case of nations numbers count as well as fitness, but ultimately they are co-incident; only the sound and vigorous race is capable of continued and progressive reproduction. It is idle to assume that as a nation we shall never again have to defend ourselves in war. Is England, with a relatively shrunken and enfeebled population, to rely upon her Dominions in that probably final test, like a decrepit and toothless lioness upon her lusty cubs? Is it any use to pretend that when, at times, after the destruction of our incomparable old army and of a large proportion of the splendid fighting material which followed it, some of the later units were physically unequal to the strain, weak spots did not have to be strengthened with colonial contingents, whose physical quality was probably superior to that of any of the combatants on either side? Are we to rest content that the average physical standard of our cousins overseas should be permanently and greatly

superior to our own? And is it not plain that this undeniable superiority is almost wholly the result of better conditions of life which it is within our power to secure for our own people?

For a century we have been living upon our physical capital, a process which must inevitably end in bankruptcy. To the major part of our youth the country, the natural home of childhood, is literally *terra incognita*. The condition should be reversed. Children, all children, should be as familiar with the country as the majority now are with the slums and squalor of industrial districts. Time enough for them to endure these when they have to earn their livings, and if, as is likely, many of them rebel, so much the better, and the sooner will the conditions of industry improve.

The failing of politicians is to prescribe palliatives for symptoms rather than to attack root causes. School clinics and compilation of statistics are useful only in so far as they discover, record, and, in a measure, treat symptoms. The root cause of our physical degeneration is unnatural urban environment. Its worst effects could be destroyed at one blow by the establishment of National Boarding Schools in the country and at the seaside, hygienically equal in all respects to those existing for the children of the upper classes.

The need is great and urgent. There is no reason why the process of regeneration should be delayed for a couple of generations. No national problem approaches it in importance, and no single measure of reform could produce such beneficent results, or in so short a time.

P.S.—Since the above was written I have seen a report of the National Union of Teachers' Jubilee Conference at Margate. In her presidential address Miss J. F. Wood (Manchester) said :—

> If the parents of our children and members of our Education Committees could realise vividly the disabilities under which children and teachers too often labour in the schools of the people—unsuitable buildings, inadequate playgrounds and equipment—large classes—they would hasten to remove the defects in the foundation of our educational system, knowing that on a faulty foundation no secure structure can be raised.

One more quotation from Miss Wood's address shows

the way effectively to confute the class war extremists by securing for the working masses a sound measure of real social advancement of infinitely greater practical value than any Socialistic nostrums such as the confiscation of capital or the nationalisation of land and industries.

Close association with the workers of the country is necessary to enlist their support in breaking down the barriers of caste and in reforming the dual system of education—for the classes through the public schools and the older universities to the highest posts in the professions and the State service, for the masses through the municipal schools and the newer universities to the lower ranks of intellectual labour.

Here is the spokeswoman of the National Union of Teachers, while urging common effort to break down the barriers of caste, actually content to limit the aspiration of the masses educated in the "municipal schools and the newer universities" to admission "to the lower ranks of intellectual labour." Even if it be true that the majority aim no higher, if as high, it is certain that the upper classes as a whole desire to impose no such restriction upon the ambitions of any who, having started from a lower level, have made good their claim, even to the topmost heights, by intellectual achievement.

The best brains of the nation should be devoted to its service, whether in the State, in the professions, or in industry. In the past the upper classes, while not possessing a monopoly of brains, did possess very nearly a monopoly of opportunity. They cannot now better vindicate their claim to superior enlightenment than by providing such educational advantages as may enable recruits from the ranks not only to pass examinations, which many can do already, but to escape from the mark of inferior class which demoralising urban environment has hitherto stamped almost indelibly upon its victims.

La P'tite

By Joan A. Cowdroy

Oily green water lapped the slimy steps. A pitiless, oriental sun glared down from a steel-blue sky. Not a breath of air blew off the waters, and the heat drew a poisonous stench from the rotten wooden apology for a quay, littered with decaying refuse—refuse of every kind, filth indescribable, dead fish, rags, seaweed, fruit—even a decomposing dog or two. The edge of the tide itself was polluted and stank; but the crowning stench rose from the plague-stricken little town behind, that looked down, desolate, over its rock-bound harbour. Between the heat and the smells—to which latter, however, they probably felt no innate objection—the very pariahs had crept into shelter, but the man who stood by the landing-place seemed to be completely indifferent to physical conditions; he even wore a heavy uniform coat.

A shortish man, slim with the slimness of youth. His smooth cheek might have belonged to a boy, but from under the level eyebrows peered out broodingly a timeless spirit to which years—few or many—signified nothing.

The white town was picturesque enough amidst its dark-leaved orange groves, but for anything that could be seen of its inhabitants they might all have been lying dead behind their doors and curtains. True, the presence of a conquering army and the plague are not forces under which native life in a place expands into hilarity.

A muffled sound caused the man to look down, indifferently. A corpse, half-submerged, bumping against the steps in the wash of the tide . . . an unrecognisable face . . . the tattered remains of a uniform . . . a Frenchman once . . . a soldier. . . . His composure did not alter. After a second's glance his eyes were raised again from the thing at his feet, beyond the white patches of foam that charted rocks, to the blue expanse beyond. Across one corner of that expanse lay

Egypt, but most unfortunately Sir Sidney Smith, not he, was master of the seas between.

It was the desert road or none.

At a sound—behind him this time—he wheeled sharply. His brain might be heavy with improbable dreams of empire, but his senses never failed to play the scout for him. A quaint, but not unfamiliar figure confronted him on the deserted quay, and at his movement one small hand flew up to the salute. A child in years, five feet two in her military boots, but one, it was evident, gravely versed in all experience that went with her tunic and riding breeches—the cap stuck at the correct angle on her cropped head. She waited to be addressed.

"*Eh bien, petite?*"

Her bright eyes watched him eagerly.

"Monsieur the General, Long Pierre is now in a condition to retreat with the Army."

"And who is M. Pierre?"

"My General saw him this morning at the hospital—and ordered that he must be abandoned, on account of his sickness, to the accursed English; but he, and five of the others also, is now fit to leave with the Army at sunset."

Her boldness brought the hint of a quiver to his lips. Audacity seldom displeased him in his soldiery, and La P'tite had marched with his troops from Cairo and beyond.

"I am to understand, then, that you have now taken over the command of the Army of Syria, Mademoiselle?" He drily questioned her, and with swift tact she descended to pleading.

"But, sir—indeed they are better! When you with your own hands squeezed their sores for them this morning, when all others were afraid to minister to them, they have told me that new strength entered into their souls! They would follow such a General to the world's end."

He made a wry smile.

"If they attempt to follow me now they will merely find death on the way. Are they so anxious to improve this Syrian soil with their bodies?"

"Death? What is death? That is nothing to a soldier, sir—to die. It is not death they fear, but shame—the shame of capture by those others——"

A circular sweep of her hand round the horizon indicated the English at sea and the too pressing Turk at their back. A staff officer strolled across the quay in search of his leader, and Buonaparte turned to him.

"Ah, Berthier, Mademoiselle here announces to me that six of the patients whom we saw dying to-day in the hospital have made such miraculous recovery that she—Mademoiselle—considers them fit to march at sunset."

"It is lucky for them, then, that sickness will have thinned down their weight, as their own feet will have to carry them to Cairo. It is a certainty that no available animal is left to bear them. The army is already a walking hospital with the hundreds of invalids you propose taking with you, *mon Général*."

The tone, as acid as a tone may safely be when he who is addressed is commander-in-chief, clearly expressed the hostile and callous attitude of the French troops in Syria towards these same plague-stricken invalids. Invincibly brave as English and Turk alike had proved them to be; in the face of this invisible foe in their own midst, which snatched and struck without warning and without pity, unreasoning fear had them completely in its grip, and had reduced them to the verge of demoralisation. They hated and feared not only the plague, but the miserable plague-stricken. Buonaparte, however, who was as well aware of the condition of affairs as any of his staff could be, remained, as ever, unperturbed under adverse criticism. He turned to the girl still eagerly awaiting his next word, though she had respectfully withdrawn a few paces at the coming of Berthier.

"Fall in your moribund squad, P'tite, in the Square, an hour before sunset."

A smile touched his eyes, though his curt tone gave dismissal, and Berthier felt a moment's chagrin at a hint it also conveyed that his own too openly displayed hostility had possibly weighed down the balance in the girl's favour.

But a flash of pure joy lighted up the blue eyes in a face thinned to unyouthful sharpness by fever, by unspeakable hardships and privations, and by unceasing exertion under a pitiless sun. With a swift upward jerk of her head, a salute, and a stiff military swing of her

shoulders and feet that was one movement, and that did credit to the old sergeant who had had the training of her in a soldier's discipline, she marched off towards the town to convey her tidings, leaving the men behind her deep in grave matters, already forgetful of her existence.

* * * * * ■

The troops remaining in Jaffa were assembled in the market-place and its neighbouring alleys when, at the appointed hour, La P'tite marched her "squad" out of the hospital and lined it up against its white wall. They were in truth a scarecrow crew, these six whom desperation had brought to their feet, and dragged, already half dead, from the charnel-house behind them. The hospital had once formed part of a rich man's harem, and behind the blank, windowless wall that screened its privacy from the world, its gay apartments opening on a court filled with hot sunshine and the smell of orange blossoms, had echoed once to the gay sound of women's chatter and the laughter of children as they sailed their boats in the central fountain. Now the fountain was choked with corpses, and the rooms were a ghastly sepulchre where dead lay heaped on dead, and the smell of death was over all, and yet where —most dreadful nightmare—a frail spark of life yet lingered in a few.

That little nameless hospital at Jaffa, under the suns of May, 1799, foreshadowed in miniature the huge hospital of St. Bastile at Vilna, as the Russian pursuers found it after the retreat in the ice-bound winter of 1812. Here the sun and death; there, thirteen years after, frost and death, but death always. It was under the sullen and resentful glances and taunts of their comrades in arms that the six steadied themselves upright against the wall. Their stained and torn uniforms hung loose on skeleton limbs, but their heads were held high, and a grin tortured their cracked lips. Still, La P'tite was an invigorating corporal, and presently the anger of those near enough to distinguish detail in her picturesque and cheerful flow of invective began to lose something of its bitter character as they exchanged shots over her head with her tall victims.

"Console yourselves, my cabbages, she showed she knows her job in propping you up against that wall till he has inspected you, at least! When you leave it you

will collapse like the jellies my old mother used to make!"

"She must have roused you with a riding-whip. She has a strong arm, La P'tite!"

"Ah, Long Pierre, did she wash your face and hear your prayers before she brought you out of bed?"

Under the lively fire of abuse that she herself was heaping on them she regarded them with keen anxiety. If once she could get these taken with the army she could get back to the others who needed her even more.

Four of those still alive inside were already locked in stupor—merciful forerunner of death; but as she had led out her salvaged six, stumbling blindly in their weakness over bodies which strewed the floor, three pairs of eyes had followed her in pitiful entreaty, and one voice at least had murmured her pet name.

Did they then believe that she was about to abandon them to die alone? How many even of these who could march would reach safety? Long afterwards the passage of the retreating army could be marked by its track of whitened bones. Butcher Achmet, pressing his pursuit, had no need to hire guides. He had only to follow that ghastly paper-chase of nameless skeletons. . . .

"Hold up, stupid. Name of a sacred dog, thou are *une vraie plante*, Jean! *Tête au vent*, Pierre, have I not bade thee a thousand times . . ."

A stir in the troops at her back and the stiffening of her derelicts against their wall hushed her shrill tongue into silence. Buonaparte, surrounded by the remaining five officers of his staff—the rest, including the desperately wounded Lannes, had gone ahead with the advance party—had come out of headquarters opposite and clattered down the steps. The rays of a sun slanting towards the horizon cut off half the market-place in black shadow, silhouetting square roofs and the tops of orange trees and tall palms with unerring fidelity. Every man present faced his long shadow cast in front of him, except the "moribund" ones who stood gauntly against that white wall confronting the troops, the sun, and fate.

Grooms clattered up with six led horses as the General and his officers, skirting the square, paused in front of the hospital. Every figure seemed galvanised into new life.

Fear itself hid from the sight of this supreme leader

of men. He gave a curt order to the medical director at his side, and Desgenettes vanished into the doorway beside the "squad" of La P'tite. The horses pawed the earth impatiently. Two strong, handsome creatures—captured from the enemy at Mount Tabor—a groom led forward with a question.

"Which would M. the General ride?"

"Wait."

Desgenettes came out again with a brisk step.

"How many are yet alive?"

"Seven, sir, but of those four have only a few minutes to live."

"Ah!"

He turned his eagle glance on the salvaged six.

Upright they stood at attention: courage in their scarred faces, desperation in their hearts. Desperation scarcely less keen in the heart of their temporary corporal. Would he send them back to die in that white tomb behind them? He turned slowly to the girl.

"And these are ready to march to Egypt, Mademoiselle?"

He alone in that army ever called her by that title. She knew that it was given ironically, yet it never failed to thrill her heart with secret satisfaction.

"Yes, sir."

"They need not, however, attempt the impossible. They can ride," he said drily, and glanced at the group of horses. "But there are seven of you all told, and six only can come. . . ." For the first time he addressed the men directly. "Which of you will remain behind?"

It dawned on his chagrined staff that they were going to perform the march from Jaffa to Cairo on foot, but for a second their own discomfiture was forgotten in watching the odd spectacle before them.

The "squad," after one puzzled glance along their own line, caught his point. One must remain behind if La P'tite was to go.

Six voices rang out as one.

"I will remain."

He laughed outright.

"Your men are well disciplined, P'tite! They have but one mind between them."

"They? They are stupid . . . of an incredible

stupidity. One idea must serve all their empty minds! But if six may go—there are only six here, *mon Général. . . .*"

"And thou?"

"Oh, I?" She flung back her head disdainfully. "I cannot come now. I have other children within there."

Now that her "squad" understood, only the Commander's presence prevented them from breaking into fierce argument. It did not prevent them from silent mutiny.

Clumsily they wheeled about, and began to file towards the black, sepulchral archway beside them.

She saw their movement, powerless at last to control their will, and tears of bitterest disappointment filled her eyes.

"*Mon Général*—help me—they are my children—these—and those others also!"

"And mine, Mademoiselle."

His sharp tone rang across the square.

"Halt!" The six halted.

"Mount!"

Miserable hesitation. . . . Twelve eyes imploring relief from a hated order . . . and obedience to a voice that was ever obeyed. He watched them stumbling and sprawling into their saddles, steadied by sullen grooms. The regimental officers had already formed their men in marching order.

He looked again at the thin face, alight once more with joyous satisfaction, its tears dried like those of a child whose wish is granted, and he issued one more command.

"Mademoiselle will take the salute as the troops march past."

So, as the first level ray of sunset bathed her young face and figure in a glory of crimson light, La P'tite stood on a block by the blank wall behind which her dying "children" awaited her return, and took the salute of the French Army.

In the rear of the long ranks of decimated regiments walked General Buonaparte, on foot, alone.

Immediately in front of him rode six men who, as they saluted, wept.

Jane Austen at Bath

By the Hon. Mrs. Strachey

As I sit in the library, the light from the wood-fire playing on the golden bindings of the books that surround me here, how can I help wondering about the men who penned all these volumes, some three thousand, before typing or even modern shorthand was invented? What infinite labour and resource were necessary, before they had any concordances and public libraries to resort to; how much more their work must have been the result of individual thought and imagination, and of personal experience.

Let us take down a volume at random. This one, bound with peacock boards, the paper delightfully mellow in colour, thin and tough and smooth in texture: *A Guide to all the Watering and Sea Bathing Places*—with Maps and Views, 1817.

Let us see what it has to say about Bath, that favoured city, "where Fashion has long established her court, and where Beauty and Elegance are seen in her train," and yet, "notwithstanding its present elegance," we are astonished to read that "as late as 1700 Bath could only boast of *one* house with sashed windows, and that the dancers did not exceed ten couples, and they danced upon the green."

No, it was not until the great Beau Nash, that King of the Ballroom, had touched it with his magic wand, and made himself conspicuous by his taste, wit, and gaiety, that Bath leapt into repute as a place of fashionable resort, where members of the Royal family, and of the aristocracy, could not only find congenial amusement in each other's society as they breakfasted and banqueted in the coffee-houses, drank tea in the kiosks on the hills, or gambled and danced in the ballrooms, but could at the same time find a cure for their diverse ills, as they met in the cool fresh hours of early morning, in their dressing gowns and caps, and muslins and aprons, at the limpid steaming spring in the now famous Pump Room.

In 1703 a vacancy occurred in the office of "Master of the Ceremonies," in that Captain Webster, the first person

who had held that office, had been killed in a duel in Orange Grove. "The well-known talents of Nash operated at once in his favour, and he was immediately invested with the fullest power to order, arrange, and improve the manners of the company, the routine of amusements, and the points of etiquette."

We are told that this amazing little man "wore a large white hat and drove a carriage with six greys, escorted by several persons on horseback and on foot, with French horns and other musical instruments." One of the first laws that he enacted was that swords should not be worn in Bath. This followed after a duel, fought between two gamesters, Taylor and Clarke, by torchlight in the grove. Taylor was run through the body, though the wound did not cause his death until seven years after. Clarke died in London in poverty and contrition.

The new Pump Room, we are told, presented unrivalled attractions; and the "numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen walking up and down in social converse showed a picture of animation which nothing could excel."

"From the upper part of Milsom Street, through Bond Street and Union Street to the Pump Room, now constitutes the mid-day promenade of the fashionable visitants; and in the height of the season, the throngs of elegant females, that pass and repass these situations, form a spectacle of no common interest."

Under the rule of this potent sovereign, Bath rapidly advanced in "elegance, splendour, and taste." At the fancy ball on Thursday, we are told, two cotillions were danced, one before and one after tea (tea being then served about nine o'clock), and as the ladies on these occasions "exert their fancy to the utmost in the display of their shapes and their dress, the spectacle is magnificent." Need we be surprised that the modest damsels, coming from the quiet of country-lanes, were ravished by so much fashion and gaiety?

We must not think, however, that the Pump Room was the only scene of attraction in Bath. Could anything be more delightful and alluring for the gay company than the entertainment provided in the new Sydney Gardens, Vauxhall?

JANE AUSTEN AT BATH

We hear that groves, vistas, serpentine walks, shady bowers, waterfalls, alcoves, bowling-greens, Menlin swings, grottoes, and labyrinths, were all crowded into this fairy realm. The amusements at Sydney Gardens commenced early in the spring, with public breakfasts, promenades, and occasional illuminations, enlivened by music. There were generally four or five gala nights in the course of the summer season, when four thousand persons were often assembled together.

And here in the midst of the throng, aloof and yet taking the keenest interest in her surroundings, watching critically and cynically, sat Jane Austen. She often refers to her visits to Sydney Gardens.

There is to be a grand gala on Tuesday evening in Sydney Gardens, a concert, with illuminations and fireworks. To the latter Elizabeth and I look forward with pleasure, and even the concert will have more than its usual charm for me to get pretty well beyond the reach of its sound.

Last night we were in Sydney Gardens again, as there was a repetition of the gala which went off so ill on the 4th, we did not go till nine, and then were in very good time for the fireworks, which were really beautiful, and surpassing my expectation; the illuminations, too, were very pretty. The weather was as favourable as it was a fortnight ago. The play on Saturday, is, I *hope*, to conclude our gaieties here.

From Jane's letters to her sister Cassandra we are able to picture the society of Bath exactly as it existed in her day. We see her walking amongst the rank and fashion, by the Canal at night; watching Lady Willoughby presenting colours to the yeomanry in Royal Crescent in the morning, enjoying the agitation and thrill of dressing for the balls, in the Pump Room and new Assembly Rooms; and with delightful precision we can see her in the shops, and being entertained by and entertaining her friends and acquaintances.

Mr. Elliot and his friend in Marlborough Buildings were talked of the whole evening. Col. Wallis had been so impatient to be introduced to them: and Mr. Elliot so anxious that he should! and there was Mrs. Wallis—a most charming woman, quite worthy of being known in Camden Place—an excessively pretty woman, beautiful. He longed to see her. The worst of Bath was the number of its plain women. He did not mean to say that there were no pretty women, but the number of the plain was out of all proportion. He had frequently observed, as he walked, that one handsome face would be followed by thirty, or five-and-thirty, frights; and once, as he stood in a shop in Bond Street, he had counted eighty-seven women go by, one after another, without there being a tolerable face amongst them. There certainly were a dreadful multitude of ugly women in Bath.

She says in a letter :—

We are to have a tiny party here to-night. I hate tiny parties, they force one into constant exertion, and I am prevented from setting my black cap at Mr. Maitland by his having a wife and ten children.

And again :—

Old fashioned notions; country hospitality; we do not profess to give dinners; few people in Bath do; Lady Alice never does: did not even ask her own sister's family, though they were here a month.

We stopped in Paragon as we came along, but it was too wet and dirty for us to get out. In Paragon we met Mrs. Foley and Mrs. Dowdeswell with her yellow shawl airing out, and at the bottom of Kingsdown Hill we met a gentleman in a buggy, who, on minute examination turned out to be Dr. Hall—and Dr. Hall in such very deep mourning that either his mother, his wife, or himself must be dead. These are all of our acquaintances who have yet met our eyes.

Milsom Street was the same Milsom Street then as it is now: the meeting-place in the morning of all our acquaintances.

Anne, in walking up Milsom Street, had the good fortune for him to meet with the Admiral. He was standing by himself, at a printshop window, with his hands behind him. She was obliged to touch as well as address him before she could catch his attention. "Ha! is it you. Thank you, thank you. This is treating me like a friend. Well now—where are you bound? Can I go anywhere for you, or with you? Can I be of any use?" "None, I thank you—unless you will give me the pleasure of your company the little way our road lies together." "That I will, with all my heart. Yes, yes—we will have a tiny walk together—and how do you like Bath, Miss Elliot?" "It suits us very well. We are always meeting some old friend or other."

"I have equipped myself properly for Bath already, you see," he continued (pointing to a new umbrella), "I wish you would make use of it, though I think it would be more prudent to let me get you a chair."

Then referring to a mutual friend—and such a sweet one—". . .If I did not think it would tempt Mary to go out in sharp winds, and grow coarse, I would send her a new hat and pelisse. . . ."

We will hope that fewer plain women pass along Bond Street now than in those days, but at least we may be sure that there is as much love-making as ever there was.

Prettier musings of high-wrought love and eternal constancy could never have passed along the streets of Bath than Anne was sporting with, from Camden Place to Westgate Buildings. It was almost enough to spread purification and perfume all the way.

Sometimes it must surprise us that a person with such a clever, practical mind as Jane's should take such an absorbing and minute interest in her own clothes, and other people's; the result perhaps of want of wider interest in the lives of the women of that date.

She tells us with the utmost accuracy of her bonnets, and her ginghams and muslins, her shoes and caps.

Miss Hare had some pretty caps, and is to make me one. It will be white satin and lace, and a little white flower peeping out of the left ear, like Harriet Byron's feather. I have determined to trim my lilac sarsenet with black satin ribbon, just as my china *crêpe* is. Ribbon trimmings are all the fashion at Bath. Bonnets of cambric muslin on the plan of Lady Bridge's are a great deal worn, and some of them are very pretty. Black gauze cloaks are as much worn as anything—as I could get four or five very pretty sprigs for the same money which would procure only one Orleans Plum I cannot decide on the fruit till I hear from you again. Besides I cannot help thinking that it is more natural to have flowers grow out of the head than fruit. What do you think on that subject? I shall not trouble you, however, to get more than one robe for me, and that is to be a plain brown cambric muslin, for morning wear; the other, which is to be a very pretty yellow and white cloud, I mean to buy in Bath.

I have changed my mind and changed the trimmings of my cap this morning: they are now such as you suggested. I think it makes me look more like Lady Conynham than it did before, which is all that one lives for now.

I am to wear a mamalone cap to-night, which Charles Fowle sent to Mary, and which she lends me. It is all the fashion now; worn at the opera, and by Lady Mildmays at the Hackwood balls.

Large full bows of the very narrow ribbons are the thing. One over the right temple, perhaps, and another at the left ear.

I wore my green shoes last night, and took my white fan with me.

I have found your white mittens; they were folded up within my clean night-cap, and send their duty to you.

As we walk about these fine squares and streets looking at the houses with their splendid porticos, carved bannisters and panelled rooms, we cannot help thinking how many tragedies must have happened in the long life of the old city, for ever throughout the ages have hatred and death stalked hand in hand with love and life: we read of duels that were fought, of fortunes gambled away in a night, of honour and reputation sacrificed, and of the lure and degradation of the gambling table. Many are the stories of the kindness and generosity of Beau Nash, in defending the cause of the forlorn maiden, in saving the depraved and the starving from death, and youth from measures of desperation.

Herewith we must bid farewell to the alluring city of Bath, with its tales and its mysteries, its beauty and its charm. City, that since the proud Roman made there his home, in spite of the changes of the world, and of the rapid advance of science, remains pre-eminently the Queen of Watering Places.

Music for Music's Sake

By R. W. S. Mendl

EVERY year thousands of men and women flock to St. Paul's Cathedral to hear the "St. Matthew Passion." They arrive early in the afternoon and wait for an uncomfortable number of hours before the music begins. Why? Is it just a sensuous attraction—the concourse of sweet sounds? Or do they, subconsciously perhaps, expect to get a more intense religious satisfaction from Bach's setting of the sacred story than from the ordinary cathedral service? The only certainty seems to be that hardly any one of them could tell you. They want to hear it, that is all.

That is how most of us listen to music. Its appeal, which to some is so absorbing that they see the world in terms of music rather than interpret music in the light of the world, is unique and elusive. It is utterly different, not only from the rest of life, but from that of any other art. It is the most untranslatable of all of them.

Musicians will perhaps never agree whether the highest function of the art be to express emotions and illustrate stories or to be absolute in the strictest sense. But few deny that it moves in a sphere of its own. Emotionalists would say that Schubert represented the feelings of Craigher's "Die Junge Nonne" in the language of music. But the true meaning of poetry (as Mr. Bradley has said *) cannot be conveyed except in the very language of the poem. Alter a word, and you alter by so much the meaning of the poem; prose cannot give it. What chance has music got? The composer does not "represent" the same feeling as that which is inherent in the poem; the advent of music upon the scene means that it catches the spirit of the poem in its web and produces something entirely new —new simply in the sense that it is musical and not poetic. Music often is emotional, but the emotion is one which could not be conveyed in any other way. The melancholy of Chopin's A minor Waltz is not non-existent; but it is

*"Oxford Lectures on Poetry. Lecture I. Especially at pp. 19 and 25.

a musical melancholy, only to be realised in Chopin's music and impossible adequately to reproduce in words or any other medium.

The ultimate *raison d'être* of programme music is not that it is a vivid portrayal of a literary or pictorial scheme, but that the story becomes a musical story and satisfies us æsthetically as a musical composition. The adventures of Don Quixote are the jumping-off point from which Strauss's symphonic variations spring; the composer has not translated the stories into musical speech, except possibly in his orchestral imitations of the bleating of sheep and the noise of windmills; what he has done is to conceive the tales afresh as musical ideas. The fact that a certain acquaintance with the literary basis is presupposed does not alter the fact that music must please musically; it is Elgar who justifies the "Falstaff" symphonic poem, not Shakespeare.

How can we analyse our enjoyment of a song? Is it simply a case of two simultaneous experiences—delight in the poetry and delight in the music? Or is it a single experience—one joy to which both words and tones contribute indissolubly? The first impulse is to answer that it can scarcely be the latter, for we may care more for the music than the poem, or *vice versâ*; and if the musical idea be different in kind from, though—as a matter of psychology—inspired by, the literary idea, we should hardly be correct in saying that they could not be distinguished. Yet if our delight is really two-fold, what becomes of the song as a unity? It looks as though we might find ourselves the victims of a contest between two arts, each with competing claims upon our interest.

But when we look at the facts, it is not always so. There need be no conflict in our enjoyment of a beautiful song. When we examine our state of mind we shall find that it does not differ, fundamentally, from our state when we enjoy a symphonic poem or most of the music that is commonly, though perhaps misleadingly, called "absolute." For apart from the sound patterns that we find sometimes, for instance, in early instrumental art, considerations not in themselves necessarily musical are present in our minds when we listen to most of the music that we possess. And the important thing is that the

remembrance of the story as told by Cervantes is, to say the least, a help, not a hindrance, to our appreciation of Strauss's theme and variations; the memory of our own struggles and triumphs in life, even though we may only realise it subconsciously, assists our enjoyment of the C minor Symphony of Beethoven. This does not in any sense mean that our delight in the composition is not essentially musical. It does imply that the co-existence of musical and strictly non-musical elements in our attitude towards the work which we are hearing may result, not in enmity, but in alliance.

So with the musical setting of words. If it be a love-lyric, the composer may give us love in music, revealing so true a sense of the accents, rhythm, and significance of the poem, that the one art seems to help the other. Bach's recitatives for the words of Christ in the "St. Matthew Passion" succeed gloriously, because the spirit of the words is united to a musical spirit, perfectly adapted to that to which it is wedded.

Yet even if this be a true account of the marriage between music and words, the difficulty of opera remains. Almost at a first glance it seems obvious that an explanation which may apply where only two arts are blended will not necessarily solve the problem of an art-form in which music, painting, poetry, and drama are all employed and some of the performers are called upon to be actors as well as singers. And it may well be asked, how many of the audience find themselves able to appreciate simultaneously all the various elements which are presented to them at once? But even this is not the most serious obstacle to the attainment of an operatic ideal. For though there may be in music a lyrical character which underlies the success of song as an art, it does not follow that there is a bond between music and drama. We may be unwilling to go to the length of saying that on the whole the tendency of these two arts is to hinder one another. But if the truth be that the dramatic quality is only applicable to music metaphorically, Wagner's conception of the "music drama" as the ideal art-form begs the whole question.

Take the D major Fugue in the first book of the "48": a striking phrase, beginning with the left hand alone, then

passing to the right, then alternating between the two with ever-increasing proximity, until eventually Bach simply has to introduce it in both hands together, one playing a third above the other; the halt on the high G and B forms a climax—" dramatic " in the musical sense—whereupon counterpoint, having exhausted its possibilities, gives place to a succession of simple chords which set the mind at rest. Wagnerism involves a continual effort to twist music out of its own sphere into a different world—the drama. The Bach Fugue—like the Sonata form in Beethoven's hands—permits musical ideas to develop and culminate musically. Was the pre-Wagnerite conception of opera, after all, so much to be despised? Was it not perhaps better in this imperfect world to take the line of least resistance and simply decorate the Christmas tree? True, the tree was often rotten, and there was always a risk that it might be hung with tinsel and tawdry ornaments. But there was also the chance that a Mozart might appear and —magician-like—put life even into a feeble trunk and deck the branches with priceless jewels and treasures of beauty imperishable. During Wagner's lifetime and for some years after his death England made an unconscious, but significant, commentary upon his music-drama by giving birth to the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Wagner's effort to dramatise music struck at the very roots of the art. Ultimately, what really matters, even to Wagnerians, save the " purple patches " in the music itself? The success of *Carmen*, of Puccini, of Gounod's *Faust*—as of the operas of Gluck and Mozart, of Weber and Verdi —is the irresistible appeal of melody. And the reason why Boughton found Fiona McLeod's *The Immortal Hour* suitable for musical treatment was assuredly not that it possessed dramatic qualities.

The twentieth-century tendency is once again to regard musical values as their own justification. But nowadays it matters little what form they assume, so long as there is a form and one which is musical in its very essence. One of the most striking features of a work like the Colour Symphony of Bliss is that, in spite of its name, it is a purely musical composition; the colours, or the ideas associated with them, are but the stimulus of musical ideas, and each movement is built on a plan different indeed from

the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century models, but as definite and as musical as those. Fundamentally it is in the line of descent from Beethoven.

So perhaps we may, after all, come to see why the vast congregation gathers in St. Paul's for the "St. Matthew Passion." For in Bach it finds the musical counterpart of the New Testament story and of the religious reflections to which the story gives rise. Thereby a new light is thrown on religion itself; and the light is musical and nothing else.

His Love

By Harold Hersey

It is his last love in her shroud,
The passion of the dead.
And yet they do not see . . . the crowd
Around the old man's bed.

Her hair surrounds his agèd face
In trembling little strands,
And with a beauty and a grace
Caresses with her hands.

With lips like little crimson shells
She whispers in his ears. . . .
It is an ancient tale she tells
Out of the ancient years.

Pillory

Mr. Garvin "Sees Red"

There are said to be certain states of the mind when its owner "sees red," as the term goes. He is in such a condition of rabid fury that the whole atmosphere appears to him to be suffused with a sort of fiery hue. We have been somewhat reminded of this kind of mental environment by reading Mr. Garvin's Sabbatical deliverances from his weekly pulpit, *The Observer*. He is so filled with joy and pride at the fact that a British Government has at last "recognised" the gang of unspeakable blood-stained miscreants who rule Russia that his newspaper might be said to exhale flames and ought certainly to be published with a red border.

"The full unconditional recognition of Soviet Russia is a great thing accomplished. The next thing is to aim in an equally bold spirit at a complete settlement of all differences with Russia and at a firm general understanding on future purposes. The key to trade and politics alike in this matter is the extension of credits to Russia in return for effective acknowledgment of debts." These are the actual words of *The Observer's* editor (published under his name on February 10th), and one humbly supposes, though without the least claim to omniscience, that no greater nonsense can ever have been penned by the hand of man since the beginning of the world. It is true, indeed, that the admission of horrible criminals into the comity of Europe, which is exactly what the recognition of Soviet Russia amounts to, is "a great thing," for it is the greatest and most manifest fall in the standards of civilisation since Christendom arose on the ruins of the Roman Empire. How—if only this happened to be his line at the moment—how might Mr. Garvin himself delight in this theme; how might he dwell on the terrible blow to the foundations of human morality which it unquestionably implies! But it is *The Observer's* cue to back the Red fiends of Moscow, and therefore sentences must be piled on one another to demonstrate the glory of clasping them to our hearts.

The "complete settlement" and "firm general understanding" with Hell, as manifested in Russia, are "the next things" desired by our philosopher. How are you to have a complete settlement with an individual who is passionately desirous of your extinction? Soviet Russia aims avowedly at the destruc tion of every Government in Europe which is not framed on her pattern. Until that goal is gained, or until the Soviets themselves pass out of being, no "settlement," worth the paper it is written on, is possible. But if this settlement is impossible, so—and for the like reason—is the understanding. Just as the mediæval Roman Church held that no faith need be kept with heretics, so do the modern Communists hold that none need be observed towards a wicked capitalist world. The Soviet would no doubt be willing to gratify Mr. MacDonald, or his successors at the Foreign Office, with any amount of promises and assurances written on any number of pieces of paper. And these might be really useful in lighting the pipes of the diplomatists concerned.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Garvin's most conspicuous service consists in his kindly giving us (as he modestly mentions) "the key to trade and politics alike." We are to give Russia credits: that is, we are to grant her the means of paying for whatever commodities she needs from us. This means, in actual effect, that we are to give her those commodities for nothing. Russia will get our goods, and we shall get in return certain entries in Russian books of account. Has any foolery, quite to equal this, ever previously been known in the history of any great people?

Here, however, we must beg Mr. Garvin's pardon. We have omitted to consider one of his most important words—the word "effective." In return for our credits we are to get "effective acknowledgment of debts." What is effectiveness in connection with the payment of debts? Surely, cash down. In the case of a country such as Russia is now, there is and there can be no other "effective" acknowledgment at all. Are pledges effective? We supply goods, and we receive words. You cannot put in a distraint on a foreign country unless you first conquer and occupy it.

Possibly some of our readers may think that we spend too much time in exhibiting the follies of Mr.

Garvin. Yet it is probable that amongst the *clientèle* of *The Observer* some individuals may still be found who have not yet grasped the full extent of his grotesque absurdity. What we feel somewhat impelled to ask is to which of the three existing English parties *The Observer* is nominally attached. Or does it stand for sheer undiluted Communism—for Moscow and Jack the Ripper? Or, again, does Mr. Garvin stand just for himself and for such opinions as he may happen to entertain at any given moment? In that way, of course, his readers avoid all monotony. "I prefer coffee to tea, for breakfast," said a youthful dweller in lodgings, once, "because of the delirious excitement every morning of wondering what it will taste like." In the same way, subscribers to *The Observer* may feel the joys of agitation. "He was a Home Ruler. He has since been one of the most determined and strenuous of Unionists. Now, by Jove, he is in favour of going beyond the Home Rulers altogether and handing the whole of Southern Ireland, with all the loyalists in it, to gangs of robbers and murderers. He was a Conservative. Now he is a Liberal and Lloyd Georgian up to the neck. No, he's not. He's a Red Republican." Thus we can imagine one of Mr. Garvin's disciples soliloquising, or perhaps disputing with a friend. But we are inclined to think that his real attitude, allowing for rapid changes, resembles that attributed by Lord Beaconsfield to a ritualist parson in his novel *Lothair*. Many suspected him of a tendency to Rome, but they erred. "This is the true church," said he; "let Rome come to me." The only difference would be that while the cleric's position was fixed, that of Mr. Garvin changes, chameleon-like, with the passing of the days.

Space fails us in which to deal with other of Mr. Garvin's aberrations, but we may just refer to the lucubrations of the gentleman whom he has chosen as "an Indian correspondent." To him the unconditional release of the ineffable Gandhi is a joy, and he hopes for his quick "return to public life"—an unsurpassable aspiration in connection with that pestilential bigot.

Readers of *The Observer* who have regarded it as a Conservative organ of repute must be perplexed to know into what category it should now rightly be placed.

The Way Things Happen—in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

*The Way Things Happen.** By Clemence Dane. (Ambassadors.)
The Way of the World. By Congreve. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
Gruach. By Gordon Bottomley. } (Playbox at St. Martin's.)
Phœnix. By Lascelles Abercrombie. }

Miss Clemence Dane's title and Miss Clemence Dane's play thrust out a tempting peg upon which to hang ideas on the question of realism. Its production at the Ambassadors Theatre coincides approximately with that of other plays removed by time and chance from this naturalistic tradition assumed by her title, and it may not be unprofitable to consider the respective merits of these methods as we have had them demonstrated in the two poetic plays at the Playbox gala and in Congreve's comedy of manners at the Lyric. For it is a first function of criticism to attempt to classify the types of play which the theatre places before its patrons. If as critics or members of the public we try to apply some rigid formula to the various pieces in the theatre, we find ourselves immediately on a path which cannot but lead to confused issues. Thus an examination of Miss Dane's play and Congreve's as regards the machinery of their respective plots would lead us to assume that the modern play has succeeded beyond the artificiality of the eighteenth century work; an examination of their characters, that its people were more "lifelike"; and in the abstract we should consider that Congreve could only succeed on the brilliance of his dialogue. Strangely, in the theatre itself, one discovers that, alike in the matter of characterisation and that of plot development, *The Way of the World* is more plausible than Clemence Dane's play. One believes it. Mr. Congreve says throughout: "This is the way of the world," and presents a glitteringly brilliant satire based upon types moving in a framework of his own devising; and we are moved by him to agree. Miss Dane says: "This is the way things happen," and strains every

* Published by Heinemann. 6s. net.

nerve to present a story and an interaction of personalities and psychologies true to things as they are; and we forthwith conclude that they do not happen thus, that, given the people she has projected in Act 1, they would not do thus and thus in Act 3, and that the necessities of the theatre have defeated Miss Dane. Her story is of a weak young man engaged to an expensive woman, and oblivious of the devotion of Shirley, whom his mother has adopted and who keeps house for them. He raises money on some bonds, and his office chief, Lomax, discovering this and desiring Shirley, steals the receipt and uses it to force her to give herself to him. Returning from his house in the early morning, Shirley is seen by the jealous *fiancée*, who subsequently publicly accuses her. The accusation rebounds, in that Martin in her defence breaks off his engagement with her accuser, but himself assumes the *rôle* of interrogator, and harasses the girl till she tells both the truth and her motives. Whereupon, in a violent reaction of injured pride, he gives himself up to the police to invalidate the sacrifice she has made. He is imprisoned and goes abroad in his search for salvation, returning two years after at the death of his mother. Shirley is about to leave the house; he discusses everything in his usual self-centred manner until she blazes in anger, asserts her existence in the scheme of things, declaring her rights and slapping his face, and immediately falls into his arms. If the brevity of this *résumé* does Miss Dane injustice, in that it gives no indication of the few fine situations, the well-drawn figure of the mother, and the occasional neat turns of the story, it does her more than justice in that it does not scrutinise the minor defects of characterisation and plot. Given Shirley of Acts 1 and 2, she could not have accepted the triumph which she had had to bare her soul to bring about. Given the *fiancée*, she would not have become the drab little nagging wife of a social nobody even to get her out of Miss Dane's way. Given Lomax, he would not have gone so conveniently out of the plot after Act 1, nor would he confuse the doubtful joys of forced seduction with those of possession of Shirley. The critical truth is that Miss Dane's play is true neither to nature nor to Aristotle. If it holds one in the theatre it is because of the splendid acting of Haidée

Wright as the mother, and the rest of a fine cast which iucludes Leslie Banks, Ada King, Olga Lindo and Hilda Bayley. Olga Lindo did splendidly with the light-minded expensive young woman until Miss Dane let the sawdust out of her.

If realism is to succeed in the theatre it will need authors like Tchechov, and production such as the Moscow Art Theatre gave him. Stage stories, less masterly, inevitably challenge comparisons with reality outside the proscenium arch, and they are invariably found wanting.

That is where the Congreves and the poets score. When the Playbox Theatre, which is making so fine an experiment to discover material to feed the growing group of theatres under the Reandean wing, offered as its gala night fare two poetic plays by modern authors, the whole production was self-contained. Each of the plays was true to itself and to the laws of its artistic construction; one needed to make no unnecessary cross references unless it were from Gruach to Lady Macbeth as Shakespeare has familiarised us with her. If the use of blank verse, the poetic projection of situation, the heroic atmosphere of the one play, and the sensuous charm and incredible comedy of the other removed them from comparison with mere naturalism, however, it did not move them beyond the power of illuminating life and human destiny. I had hoped to include in this article some notice of *Faust*, which the Old Vic are presenting with that fine theatrical courage of theirs. The postponement of the first night forbids this, but with their *Peer Gynt* in mind one dare be prophetic in acclaiming it. Here again it is not realism, but creative art illuminating life and interpreting destiny, and making no compromise with the little affairs above which it soars. With the Shaw cycle at the Court again this is true. The scientific truth of the Methuselah cycle may be questionable outside Neo-Lamarckian circles, but within the theatre Shaw, as imaginative creator and commentator, as satirist and symbolist on human affairs, offers us a work of art which stands on its own feet.

Congreve's most artificial of comedies, again, is purely of the theatre and reacts upon life from that height. It is as untrue and as poetically true as any caricature. His people are creations and not portraits, and his art moves

humankind to a level where the accidents of human psychology are clarified down to essential types. These characters are incredible as pictures from life; they are absolutely acceptable as works of art. I do not suppose that the whole eighteenth century produced a single fine lady so fine as Miss Edith Evans's Millimant; but the charm of the eighteenth century comes from our belief that it did. She is the quintessence of the type. In these plays the human imagination is freed from the bondage of life-likeness to contemplate itself ideally, the satirist cleanses society with laughter, and the poet inspires it with the presentation of ideal types and ideal hopes, or in tragic vein purges with pity and terror, and brings the mind face to face with the great issues of human destiny. How enjoyable, how exhilarating this can be is revealed by the contemplation of any of the plays which I have mentioned. Let it be granted that Congreve is brilliantly served by the cast. One is convinced that the creation of Millimant on the stage awaited the coming of that little trick of intonation which Miss Edith Evans has made her own, and the evening would not be wasted if one had only heard her speak the first line of the last Act; and when one adds to that the memory of Margaret Yarde's virile Lady Wishfort, of Harold Scott in the Rowland part of the Waitwell character (surely the best thing Mr. Scott has yet done), and of Nigel Playfair's Witwoud, the excellence of the Congreve piece stands beyond question.

But Clemence Dane's piece also receives excellent usage at the hands of the actors, and the fault therein lies in a failure to use the art of the theatre to its utmost capacity, or having accepted a *genre* wherein confessedly fine work has been done, in her failure to live up to the standards implied in that *genre*. Realism, poetry, satire: all have their place in the theatre; but whereas both poetry and satire stand self-poised in their own spheres, realism must prove more significantly real than the life which it depicts, and must never fall short of verisimilitude.

The Mechanical Killer

A Menace to Two Great British Industries

By H. Baker

(*Secretary, Midland Branch, National Union of Manufacturers*)

I PROPOSE to show that, if Parliament makes the use of the mechanical killer compulsory in the slaughtering of pigs for human food, a deadly blow will have been delivered to two great British industries—those of pig-breeding and bacon and ham curing. In addition to this, I intend to prove that the mechanical killer is less humane than the present method; that its use would be a grave menace to the health of the people; that the foreign breeders and exporters of pork, bacon, and ham alone would benefit, and that when our home industries have been destroyed the British public would still only be able to obtain pork, bacon and ham made from pigs killed by methods prohibited here.

I am but an ordinary citizen, and in no way connected with the meat trade or farming, but to me the whole question becomes simply one of common-sense—that most uncommon of all senses. We are all "humane," but to assert that the thousands of people associated with the bacon and ham trades are not animated with the same feelings as the rest of the community is preposterous, and I do hope that unthinking men and women will not be led to support a movement which they have not taken the trouble to understand, and be led by sentimental expressions which have no regard for truth.

Catch phrases, such as "humane killing," are no doubt very attractive; but what are the facts? In order to carry out their expressed intentions, the advocates of the use of the mechanical killer are prepared to ignore what effect their action may have upon public health. And surely public health should be the first consideration of the Legislature in any course it takes. We all know of the

terrible losses from enteric and dysentery amongst our troops in the South African War, caused by the men eating fresh-killed meat which had not been properly bled. And surely that was a lesson the public should take well to heart. Serum is the medium in which disease germs exist before appearing locally, and is the most potent germ-breeding basis known. In all animals that have been shot a very high percentage of serum remains in the flesh, causing rapid decomposition. Only by looking at the matter in this light can we realise the danger to the public health that lies behind the shooting method of slaughter.

In this article I am concerned only with the slaughtering of pigs, and can emphatically state that the methods now in vogue in modern slaughterhouses absolutely preclude any possibility of suffering. The method of despatch consists in severing the large blood vessels in the neck. This brings about insensibility, due to cerebral anæmia, in an immeasurably small space of time, and has the advantage of leaving the respiratory centres intact and the heart's action impaired but little. The mechanical killer introduces a foreign body into the brain substance of the animal, and the animal falls immediately, the heart-beat and respiration cease, and reflex central vomiting occurs. The animal's neck is now opened for bleeding, which proceeds by gravity alone, and without the co-operative assistance of heart and lungs. The result is that the outflow of blood stops at a point when the blood vessels contain a considerable quantity of fluid, which becomes the effective material for bacterial activity, and the meat rapidly shows a tendency to putrefactive changes, whilst carcases in this condition are extremely difficult to salt.

I am profoundly convinced that the members of the trade are as anxious as anyone to prevent unnecessary suffering in the slaughter of animals, and it is a significant fact that although there are many large firms in the country, some of whom kill nearly half a million pigs a year, where the operations necessarily are conducted upon scientific as well as practical and humane lines, no instance can be given of any one of these firms who would voluntarily agree to the use of the mechanical killer, for the simple reason I have stated, that a vast proportion of the meat would become unfit for human food.

These great firms are willing, in order to demonstrate the sincerity of their attitude, and to prove their contentions, to submit the question to such a body as the Royal Veterinary College for investigation, and to offer them every facility for putting their methods to any tests they may deem necessary.

The farmer also is vitally interested in the question. It will be useless to urge him and the curer to combine to make this country more independent of the foreign supplies, if the Legislature in its ignorance compels him to produce food he knows he cannot sell. The fear of legislation of this kind has already prevented many farmers from embarking upon increased pig production; yet, if the Government will give him confidence, his willingness to help to make the country more self-supporting will quickly assert itself. And why should the farmer and the curer be placed under restrictions from which the whole of their foreign competitors would be free? If our producers cannot keep up their standard of quality, they must soon close down their businesses.

To the ordinary mind the agitation for the compulsory adoption of the mechanical killer seems not altogether sincere or disinterested, or its advocates would certainly take steps to rebut the evidence of eminent scientists and all who are in possession of the information which entitles them to know.

The Jews are probably the healthiest nation in the world, but under no circumstances whatever, in this country or in any other, will they use the mechanical killer, and no Government dare to suggest to them that they should.

In conclusion, I would say that my objections to the compulsory use of the mechanical killer are :—

1. That it would mean an enormously increased quantity of pigs killed abroad by the present methods, and so would not effect the object aimed at.
2. That farmers will be deprived of a main source of their income.
3. That the suffering of animals slaughtered would not in the slightest degree be lessened.
4. That the English bacon trade, both home and foreign, would be destroyed.

5. That a grave danger would be caused to the public health.

6. That the danger to slaughtermen would be increased, owing to the violent reflex action in shot pigs.

7. That its methods are far less hygienic, speedy, or humane than those in existence.

8. That the flesh of shot pigs becomes splashed, and cannot be properly cured.

9. That ninety-nine per cent. of the people engaged in the trade are convinced that the present methods of slaughter are the best for everyone concerned, and from all points of view.

Books.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE STORY OF A GREAT SCHOOLMASTER. By H. G. WELLS. Chatto and Windus. *4s. 6d.* net.

SANDERSON, of Oundle, is, of course, Mr. Wells' great schoolmaster, for whose memory he has written this first of his biographies. Knowing of old the deep interest which H. G. has exhibited in education, and the scathing things which he has written about the accepted pattern, one is very sure that the schoolmaster who won his practical approval was of a new and enterprising type; one with a fresh conception of the whole theory of education, a forward-looking man, going breast forward along the path of development. One can concede at once these original and dynamic qualities to the late F. W. Sanderson, and grant the remarkable success he made of Oundle—even join with the author of the book in the pious hope that the example of Sanderson of Oundle may lead to a new orientation of other governing bodies. But it is quite certain that men of Sanderson's stamp are rare, and that the combination of circumstances which gave him his chance is rarer still. If anything could bring about this miraculous change of system, this life story, told by a master of presentation, should do it, for, moderate and guarded as this record is, it has the power of enthusiasm in it, presenting a great and significant experiment by the light and with the warmth of intimate approval. Educationists are not really so cut-and-dried, so tied to mere form as Mr. Wells seems to picture them, they —and the term includes all thoughtful parents as well as schoolmasters—will surely read and examine the evidence if they have not already done so, and assuredly, amongst the great company of Mr. Wells' admirers, this great schoolmaster's vital experiment will find a fruitful seed-ground for the growth of the world's future.

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ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

CONTEMPORARY PORTRAITS (4th Series). By FRANK HARRIS. Grant Richards, Ltd. 12*s.* 6*d.*

A VOLUME by Frank Harris is always a joy, however much one may disagree with the man or his findings, and portraits is quite specifically "Franky's" line In this tome he comes down to the mortals, so to speak, speaking himself with true mortal disdain for conventions and reputations, like one of God's spies. His qualifications for the work of literary discrimination are unusual, for, touched with genius himself, he delights in finding it in others; also, he is perhaps actor more than philosopher, restlessly interested in the actions of life, a seeker after truth, in which capacity he is both lamplighter and lamp-breaker. And he is always arresting. His own life has been one uninterrupted romance, now as man of the world, now as thinker, now up, now down.

Harris is the very "tumbler" of letters, ready to take on any man and any nation, as is once more evident in this tome. Some of these sketches are quite startling in their effect produced out of a style which is underneath. Occasionally, one notes the human weakness,

thus in his feline references to George Moore; but what could be better than the portraits of Emma Goldmann, Grant Allen, Mencken, Jim Larkin, Charlie Chaplin, and the cameos of Wilfrid Blunt, Turgenieff, Wagner, Mark Twain, Leonard Merrick, Herbert Trench?

Harris goes for the "guts," and gets them. He is not interested in mere success. A great pity drives him on to understand. And so a book like this is infinitely more interesting than a novel, because it deals essentially with truth, which is always interesting. He has the faculty of diagnosis and discovery. His judgments are very sound, and his methods of analysis are consistent. No living critic can more quickly distinguish between art and artifice, can sum up more valiantly or reject more wholly. In this connection his rejection of Mark Twain as a first-rate writer is unquestionably right. It is instructive to compare this book with Mr. Strachey's admirable criticisms; the latter hails from a school; Harris comes, so to speak, out of real life, much as Walt Whitman approached poetry. The one looks for art, the other seeks the artist. One would dreadfully like to see Harris on himself. Perhaps he alone could do justice to the injustice done to him as writer.

FICTION.

THE SQUARE EGG. By H. H. MUNRO (SAKI). Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THESE well-chosen examples of "Saki's" individual wit are preceded by a brief biography by his sister, amusing reminiscences of an unusual childhood, and of his travels and doings, in youth and manhood, up to the day of his early death, at Beaumont Hamel, as a private of Fusiliers. The charm of his personality is excellently suggested in this intimate sketch of a delightful writer and gallant gentleman—too modest to take a commission until he had learned the job of soldiering—one of those men of promise half-fulfilled who went ardently to their death in the terrible years. The eleven papers, stories, nature sketches, and dramas which are here bound together, give an excellent idea of the breadth of his artistic interests. The comedies particularly demonstrate his original and daring wit and the high spirits and sparkle of his dialogue. Very many admirers of "Saki's" writings will be glad to possess, in this compact little volume, a lasting memento of the author, and an excellent portrait.

ARIEL. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Lane. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

INTRODUCED by "Colonel Bramble," that distinguished and delightful British officer, M. Maurois presents Percy Bysshe Shelley as a romance. Englished, and very admirably Englished, by Ella D'Arcy, the story flows with pointed Gallic wit and delicate commentary; but, deeper than this rippling charm, a real perception of the essential wonder man is implicit. All the ridiculous complications of this Ariel's aerial splendour are told: exquisitevly sketched, indeed etched with sharp and flowing line. His transcendent love, caught, like a skylark in a brick trap, by pretty artfulness, and degraded—almost—by material actualities, shines unconquerable through the egregious comedy of disillusionments which never daunted his faith in woman and in humanity.

To leave us with this great spirit unsullied by degrading absurdities signifies a nicety of perception in telling a story so filled with material for laughter. M. Maurois has a touch so light and so precise that in this full-length portrait all the facts are presented with astonishing clearness; true, he does not burden his tale with a catalogue of literary productions, contenting himself by quotations which have a direct reference to individuals in the strange drama which ended with the tragedy we now accept as singularly appropriate. The shrewd analysis of tne characters of Shelley's relatives, friends, and loves, is revealed in epigrammatic turns of wit, unlaboured and not underlined, whilst the compass of the book is kept to dimensions which preserve sharpness of portraiture, too often lost in voluminous details. A vivid and artistic reconstruction.

LAND AND SEA TALES. By RUDYARD KIPLING. 4*s*. net.

"FOR Scouts and Guides" the sub-title must account for the price of this jolly book of Kipling stories of the great world, and those rattling interludes of verse which always make us want more—the pidgin English chanty is alone worth the money. Then we meet Stalky again, and learn how he got his name. The anonymous ode to Queen Victoria, quoted in this school story, is surely the earliest Kipling extant. Strickland Sahib's wonderful little son with his preternatural oriental wisdom and pride, is another delight. Scouts and Guides will revel in this book, and not they alone by a long chalk.

MARMADUKE. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. Cape. 6*s*. net.

BENEATH the tragi-comedy of Marmaduke's attempted rehabilitation —deeper down than the remarkable psychology of a fine and adventurous spirit turned inward by five years' penal servitude, almost buried by the extraordinarily well-suggested incidents and characters which make up the thread of this extremely fine story, one feels the undertone of a great revulsion gradually forming in the mind of the narrator, a movement which in no sense belittles the interest of action and reaction, but which touches a note of greatness in a brilliant study of human nature. The ageing, mellowing literary man, the grandfather, father, and father-in-law of the story, becomes an interested and pained observer of the development of something raw and primitive in his worshipped daughter, who, after beautiful and heroic loyalty to her erring husband, seems to be ready to throw him to the wolves of utter damnation rather than have the conventional faith of her children disturbed. This is the tragedy beside which the painful vagaries of Marmaduke are mere comedy: the sombre note in a story full of keen interest and gay irony. Marmaduke was only Marmaduke, but Helen was authentic woman. A delightful little novel.

RARE LUCK. By W. PETT RIDGE. Methuen. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

IN a criticism of a novel by one of Mr. Pett Ridge's heroes this phrase occurs: "Men can sometimes run well for the hundred yards who are hopelessly beaten in the mile race." Mr. Pett Ridge himself is a good sprinter, but he can last the distance, and even do the mile at hundred yards' pace. He gets second, third, and other winds by fresh

surprise, new atmosphere, new characters, and keeps the pot boiling with a Dickensy verve and profusion. This Cockney story mingles the commonplace and the unexpected in the manner of real life; the characters are well observed finds from a world which the author knows intimately; their back-chatty conversation is fresh and amusing, and, beneath all the well-invented fluctuations of the story, there is an idea of sound acceptability, the old fable of the pot of gold in a modern dress, with a very modern and interesting *dramatis personæ*, including an extra dry heroine.

POETRY.

THE GHOSTS OF PARLIAMENT. By CARLYON BELLAIRS. Erskine MacDonald. 5*s*. net.

THE author has now given his name to a book published anonymously last year "By An M.P." Its title tends to be misleading, since of the six poems in the volume one only, the fourth, is directly concerned with Parliament. There is a slight glance at politics in the first, "Reverie and Retrospect," whose theme is

> "This life's a patched affair of little threads,
> Run to and fro, as little things dictate"—

with the complement—

> "That from our grief
> More good has fructified than from our joy. . . .
> And where the cold wind strikes the body glows."

"The Garden of Delight" and its converse, "The Road to London," are descriptive and philosophical. "At the Desk" is reminiscent of the *Rubayyat* in its fatalism, and the concluding, "To My Dead Friend," is an elegy of genuine earnestness.

Commander Bellairs possesses sincerity, imagination, freshness, and vigour, while such lines as—

> "For what the old stage sets the young mind dreams,"

or

> "And then comes summer softly. . . .
> As timid children creep on stepping stones,"

or

> "Science hath armed the lie with Ariel's wings"—

forbid the reader to doubt "If angels here and there did write a line."

MESSRS. W. & G. FOYLE, LTD., 121-125, Charing Cross Road, have been appointed agents for the publications of the First Edition Club, and orders and subscriptions for these publications (except from members of the Club) should be sent to Messrs. Foyle. The first book issued is a limited edition of a hitherto unpublished manuscript of William Hazlitt's, namely, his "Reply to Z." This was written in reply to an attack on Hazlitt, signed "Z," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and is in the writer's most trenchant style.

Mr. Charles Whibley contributes a prefatory note.

Correspondence

Humane Slaughter of Animals

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Major Paget's answer to my reply to his attack on the Jewish method of slaughter contains further errors which I must ask leave to correct.

He has no justification for endeavouring to discredit my statement that Jewish " killers " do not receive their training on the live animal. I am stating a fact, and I should be glad to receive a similar assurance as regards the training of persons using other weapons for slaughtering animals.

Major Paget refers to the movements which are noticed in the animals after they have been killed, whether by the knife (the Jewish method) or by the humane killer. With considerable boldness he asserts that when these movements occur after the use of the knife they are *conscious* and *purposive* (*i.e.*, denote a certain amount of sensibility), while when they occur after the use of the humane killer they are " *unconscious* and *without purpose.*" No scientific reason is given, or can be given, for this subtle distinction. On the other hand, both Prof. Sir Wm. Bayliss and other specialists have given their special attention to these movements after the use of the knife, owing to the ignorance generally displayed as to their origin. Sir Wm. Bayliss states that " they are in no way indicative of consciousness. They occur even in the case of an animal whose brain has been removed, and are, in fact, rather to be regarded as showing that consciousness has been absent for some time, since they are the last stage of the death of the cells of the brain." No doubt the same applies to the movements after the use of the humane killer.

Major Paget regards it as a " bull " that no slaughterer has hitherto received a *fatal* injury from using the humane killer. This will hardly afford equal satisfaction to a skilled slaughterer who, in January, 1924, lost several fingers as a result of a sheep moving its head at the critical moment. And yet both sheep and oxen *will* move. These accidents do not occur in the Jewish humane method of slaughtering.

CHARLES H. L. EMANUEL.

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